

MORNING STAR

2009-2010



Morning Star

North Scott Senior High School

Fine Arts Anthology



Editor:

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I AM

I am inquisitive and optimistic.

I wonder endlessly

I hear music everywhere that permeates my soul

I see the grandeur and intelligence, yet the devastation and the cruelty.

I want to leave an indelible mark on the world; to feed my soul with compassion.

I am inquisitive and optimistic

I pretend to know my direction in life; to know what I'm called to do.

I feel exuberance when soaring down a mountain on a swift pair of skis.

I touch the rough bark of a tree, marveling at its steadfastness.

I worry incessantly.

I cry at the thought of those who are lost and helpless, yearning for guidance.

I am inquisitive and optimistic.

I understand that I have so far to go in my journey

I say my thoughts in hopes I inspire others.

I dream of unseen beauty.

I try to express myself completely; I try to convey my love.

I hope I will one day reach enlightenment and have all my questions answered.

I am inquisitive and optimistic.

KARA MAXWELL



Nic
York

I am a dancer and love to perform.

I wonder if in the end all the hard work is worth it.

I hear the rustling of costumes as dancers'

frantically change and prepare to go on stage and I see the bright lights of the stage shine down on me.

I want to be able to do this forever, though it's not meant to be for dancing careers die young.

I am a dancer and love to perform.

I pretend to know choreography, even when I do not.

I feel the excitement in the air as I move closer to my next recital.

I touch the **soft fabric** of elaborate costumes; I worry that I will forget an essential piece or a step.

I cry out in joy when I see my **friends** come visit me at shows, or when my parents bring me f-l-o-w-e-r-s.

I am a dancer and love to perform.

I understand that *everyone* makes mistakes, but on stage it feels like every wrong step is blatantly obvious to viewers, though it hardly ever is.

I say I am dreading to go to dance class most days, but in the end I am always in a better mood when I leave class.

I dream of being on stage, of standing ovations, of applause, and of flowers be tossed generously onto the stage.

I try to always do my best.

I am a dancer and love to perform.

By: Rachel Trainor

I am

I am still searching for myself, someone who has great fear.

I wonder where my life will take me.

I hear myself trying to figure things out.

I see myself struggling and trying to understand.

I want to know where to go from here.

I am still searching for myself, someone who has great fear.

I pretend that I am fearless and have it all figured out.

I feel the pressure I put upon myself.

I touch the world around me for inspiration.

I worry that I won't be happy with my life, and sometimes

I cry at the thought of not knowing where to go from here.

I am still searching for myself, someone who has great fear.

I understand that not everything just falls into place.

I say that I don't worry about it, that

I dream of just being happy.

I try my hardest to not worry and try to make the best of
everything.

I hope it will all work out in the end.

I am still searching for myself, someone who has great fear.

-Nikki Watkins

I Am...

I am an intelligent and confident young woman.

I wonder about my bright, near future.

I hear positive self talk.

I see the good in life.

I want to be a successful young woman in life.

I am an intelligent and confident young woman.

I pretend that some things do not bother me, but they do.

I feel that I strive to be the best that I can be.

I touch the laces of a softball.

I worry about everything.

I cry when I am worried and blue.

I am an intelligent and confident young woman.

I understand I will never reach complete perfection, but I still try.

I say never back down, always push forward.

I dream of making the world a better place.

I try to give 110% all of the time.

I hope I find success and happiness in life.

I am an intelligent and confident young woman.

-Stephanie Baldwin

I Am...

I am confident and caring
I wonder where I will be in five years
I hear what is going on around me
I see what I have and what can be taken away
I want to succeed even in the toughest times
I am confident and caring

I pretend that nothing bothers me
I feel like nothing can bring me down
I touch and grip everything I have and will never go
I worry that maybe everything is not okay
I cry only when nobody can see me
I am confident and caring

I understand that times get tough
I say to myself that I can get through this no matter
what
I dream of success and happiness in life
I try to live life to its fullest
I hope I can find joy in every situation
I am confident and caring

Kelsea Long

I am a happy believer.

I wonder what it feels like to touch the lives of others.

I hear endless laughter and delight.

I see my family's & friends' smiling faces surrounding me.

I want everyone & every creature to be happy.

I am a happy believer.

I pretend nothing is bothering me so I don't bring others down.

I feel nothing but unconditional love & I know that I am blessed.

I touch someone's hand to let them know that I am there.

Every when I get frustrated, but I believe in myself & refuse to give up.

I am a happy believer.

I understand that I am beyond fortunate & I am so thankful.

I say, "It could be worse."

I dream of making a difference someday like Jacques Cousteau or Jane Goodall.

I try to be a good person, a role model for others.

I hope to be viewed as a hero in some way, however large or small the reason.

I am a happy believer.

I am

I am emotional, but strong.	I pretend I'm not hurting as much as I am,	I understood my family was going to
I wonder why the	I feel like half	fall apart
doctor's	my heart's gone,	I say that
see any-	I touch his hand	fine when
wrong	and a chill runs	I dream
grandpas	down my spine,	he'll make
before	I am constantly	and get us
up in the	worrying that I	again, I try
Hospital,	will not have a	my mom
my whole	"father figure"	him being gone, I hope that someday
saying he won't come out of a coma,	in my life, I	I will see him
I see him	cry because I	up in heaven
but very	am not only	and we can
I want	losing my	start over
I love	grandpa, but	right where
very	also my father	we left off.
I am	and my best	I'm emotional,
but	friend forever, I'm emotional, but strong.	but strong.

-Cortney Gray

I am.....Corey Yost

I am thoughtful and hardworking

I wonder how I can change the world

I hear loved ones that have passed on

I see the smile of my nephew in my head

I want everyone to see me for who I am

I am a positive and sensitive person

I pretend that my sister is a chef

I feel that I can do anything if I try

I touch the hearts of friends

I worry about things that I can't do to help

I cry when someone dies that I get attached to

I am a positive and sensitive person

I understand how people just want to be alone sometimes

I say no to drugs and under aged alcohol consumption

I dream that I can be a doctor

I try to do as many extra-curricular activities as I can

I hope that I can do whatever to save a life

I am a positive and sensitive person

-Corey Yost

I Am

Connor Ryan

I am FAR more powerful and confident than anyone in my way

I wonder what is going through his mind

I hear the sound of my feet hitting the mat

I see the sweat drip from my chin slowly falling, crashing into the hot ground

I want to show the crowd what I have trained so gruelingly to do

I am far more powerful and confident than anyone in my way

I pretend to shoot a single

I feel my arm flex as I pull him in

I touch the mat with my head as he smashes on his side

I worry he will react and get out

I cry with joy and passion when the ref raises my hand in glory

I am FAR more powerful and confident than anyone in my way

I understand that more battles are yet to come

I say to the newspaper reporter, "I will not stop here."

I dream of tomorrow's victories and what life is to bring

I try to set new goals that most think are impossible to reach

I hope my name will be remembered long after I pass

I am FAR more powerful and confident than anyone in my way

I Am

By: Brian Speer

I am ambitious and passionate;

I wonder how it's going to feel to nail this trick;

I hear my heart beating heavily like a drummer in a marching band;

I see sweat dripping intensely down the side of my face out of the corner of my eye;

I want to make this one count;

I am ambitious and passionate;

I pretend I don't feel the pain that travels throughout my body with aggression after each

slam;

I feel adrenaline rushing relentlessly from head to toe;

I touch the grip tape that tears at my thumb like rough sandpaper after each failed

attempt;

I worry about getting kicked out before I hammer the trick;

I cry at the thought of the defeat I'll face if I don't bag the trick soon;

I am ambitious and passionate;

I understand what it takes to make it happen;

I say to those around me "This is it."

I dream of rolling away competently;

I try to go for it one last time;

I hope the camera was rolling!

I am ambitious and passionate.

"I AM" POEM

I am curious and always thinking.

I wonder about strange things that no person will ever know.

I hear stories about something unbelievable and I want to understand how.

I see myself becoming something more.

I want something to happen.

I am curious and always thinking.

I pretend I will
no problems

be a person with
in the world.

I feel pressure to
succeed in this life.

I touch the world
around me, trying
to find something.

I worry about what
is really out there.

I cry when
something becomes
a disappointment.

I am curious and
always thinking.

I understand that things
will change drastically
in the future
I say that I want to
know how things work.

I dream that one
day I will become
successful and very
content with my life.

I try to strive for
excellence, even though
that may not be the case.
I hope that I can fulfill
all my dreams
I am curious and
always thinking.

Who I Really Am

*I am spontaneous and free spirited
I wonder what the future brings
I hear laughing all around me
I see people having fun
I want happiness all the time
I am spontaneous and free spirited*

*I pretend that good things happen to good people
I feel sad when that's not true
I touch the hand of my mother
I worry that it might not all be okay in the end
I cry when something leaves and you know it will never come back
I am spontaneous and free spirited*

*I understand we can't go back in time
I say that I will change
I dream that nothing bad ever happens
I try to forget when they do
I hope I will always stay true to myself
I am spontaneous and free spirited*

By: Kasey Denison

I am

I am just the crazy fool

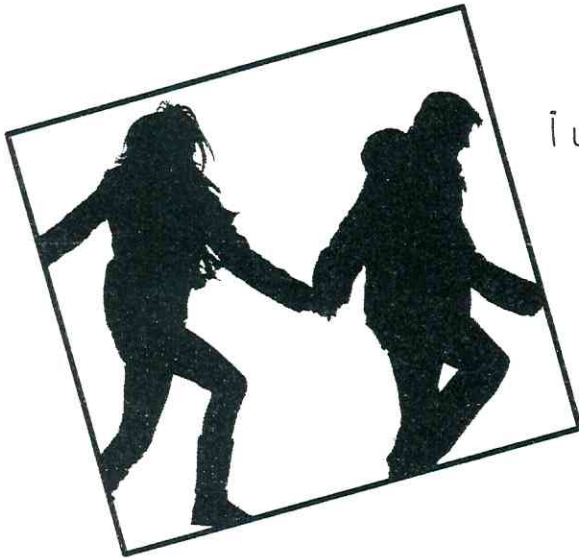
I wonder if your face will ever light up again...

I hear the bells again today — they're louder now,

I see the look in your eyes as you leave me

I want it to go away, I want Them to never be here!

I am just the crazy fool



I pretend that I am still running very fast

I feel the gravel grind wryly between my toes

I touch your clammy hand, my fingers hug yours

I worry you have stopped running too

I cry out to the skies and the lights and the trees, "Hear me!"

I am just the crazy fool

I understand why you are scared of Them

I say to myself many lies I must believe

I dream that someday Time will die as well, and everything will just stop

"I try so hard to do good," Taft and I say

I hope your face will light up again someday...

I am just the crazy fool

[Ashley Raleigh]

I Am

I am very rhythmic and a living human

I wonder if there is one unifying rhythm in all things

I hear the rhythms in everyday life

I see rhythms brought to life

I want to know more about the rhythm of life

I am a very rhythmic and living human

I pretend that I can hear the rhythm of life

I feel the constant pattern of strangers walking by

I touch the ground

I worry that someday the rhythm of life will end

I cry that someday my own rhythm will end

I am very rhythmic and a living human

I understand very little about the rhythm of life

I say humans are not the only ones who make rhythms naturally

I dream of a future where all things are in sync

I try to work towards that future

I hope my efforts will contribute to that future

I am very rhythmic and a living human

Steve Owings

I Am

i wonder if i will ever be known for
my melodious passion.
i hear bach's toccata and fuge.
i see a pearly baby grand piano.
i want it more than anything.
i am creative and Musical.

i pretend i'm playing that ostentatious piano.
i feel my fingers running over its keys.
i touch the pedal with my bare foot.
i worry of my invisible audience's
satisfaction. Music.
i cry with joy of the Musical.
i am creative and

i understand i must stop playing in fear
of waking my sleeping parents
i say i will.
i dream of only me being able to hear
the music i'm making
i try to play softer in hope of still
being able to play
i hope they won't hear...

i am creative and musical.

I am

I am unusual and **aspiring**.

I wonder where I going to be in life.

I hear my laughter ring out.

I see confused looks on peoples' faces when I try to explain myself.

I want to find the **best place** for me.

I am unusual and **aspiring**.

I pretend to focus while daydreaming.

I feel the doorknob almost in my grasp.

I touch each test knowing, how it could affect my future life.

I worry that I will wind up **unhappy**.

I cry when people do not understand me.

I am unusual and **aspiring**.

I understand that everyone is *different*.

I say I do not care what **anyone** says.

I dream that I can *leave* this place in the *dust*.

I try to accomplish all of my **goals**.

I hope I can be happy and **successful** in whatever I do.

I am unusual and **aspiring**.

By: Margo Hodge

I am...

I am ambitious and a dreamer
I wonder what I will achieve when I get older
I hear people telling me I won't do it
I see myself helping people
I want to make a difference in someone's life
I am ambitious and a dreamer.

I pretend like I don't care what people say
I feel happy when I think about it
I touch the hand of the little girl I babysit
I worry I will not have enough money or the desire to
do it
I cry when I hear about children who are sick
I am ambitious and a dreamer.

I understand it will be a lot of work
I say I will do it no matter what
I dream to someday go to a very needy place
I try to picture my life when I am an adult
I hope to find a cure
I am ambitious and a dreamer

~Lauren Cota~

I AM

I am deceptively agile and will use deadly force
I wonder what the world would be like without me.

I hear nothing, because I am so sneaky.

I see the threat...

I want it gone...

I am deceptively agile and will use deadly force.

I pretend to be a normal person.

I feel no pain.

I touch the deadly ninja star that protrudes from the chest of the threat.

I worry that one day there will be no use for my services.

I cry inside for the people that rise against me.

I am deceptively agile and will use deadly force.

I understand that there is no one that can defeat me.

I say, "Judy chop!" every time I lay down a deadly blow.

I dream about the the battles I have ensued.

I try my hardest every day.

I hope that you understand that I will always be an invincible ninja.

I am deceptively agile and will use deadly force.

-Quentin Smith

I Am

I am a techie and can do it in the dark

I wonder why 2 by 4s are not exactly 2 inches by 4
inches

I hear the actors talking

I see the darkness on stage

I want to learn how to set up stage lights

I am a techie and can do it in the dark

I pretend to know everything about everything
backstage

I feel the sawdust on my fingers

I touch the soundboard's sliders

I worry that the sounds will play at the wrong time

I cry when I step on a screw in my bare feet

I am a techie and can do it in the dark

I understand how to use the sound and light boards

I say that it wasn't my fault when something
soundish goes wrong

I dream during boring parts in the play

I try to make everything I build perfect

I hope that no one gets hurt during a play

I am a techie and can do it in the dark

- Taylor Engle

I am what the world has made me.

I wonder what I have done wrong.

I hear only sorrows.

I see only pain.

I want this devastation to leave.

I am what the world has made me.

I pretend I am okay.

I feel the sadness surrounding the world.

I touch to try to find the hope that some are able to find.

I worry for this sorrow spreads like an uncontrollable disease.

I cry for the pain I cannot console.

I am what the world has made me.

I understand that there are no guarantees in life.

I dream things would be different.

I try to believe things are not bad.

I hope for a better world.

I am what the world has made me.

Keeva Hettinger

Kailee Hildebrandt

| am

| am relentless, outgoing to hide my shame.

| wonder how | will be: who | will be in five years.

| hear the encouraging words, but still dismiss them as false.

| see movement all around and can still feel alone.

| am relentless, outgoing to hide my shame.

| pretend to be okay, even when it's nowhere near that.

| feel every emotion that |'ve ever been handed.

| touch the fragments of what | used to be.

| worry that | will end up alone.

| cry about almost everything. Tears are my most helpful shame.

| am relentless, outgoing to hide my shame.

| understand this is what |'ve been given. Acceptance is my only option.

| say | care, despite what my mind is considering.

| dream of a better day. A way to escape the binds of this small

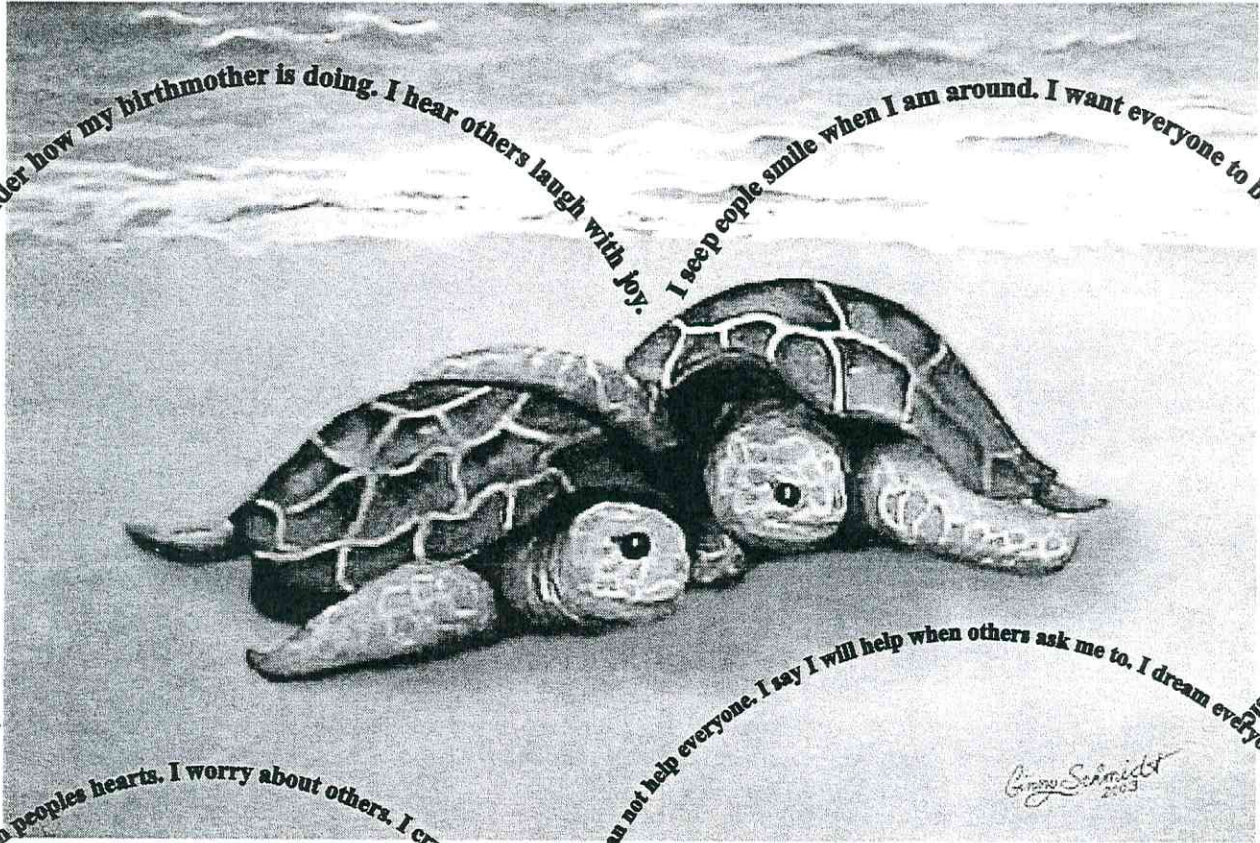
town.

| try even though |'d rather give up and erase my past.

| am relentless, outgoing to hide my shame.

The definition of a good person

By: Kayne Speirs



I AM POEM

By: Thomas Cawiezell

I am powerful and swift.
I wonder why no one else is.
I hear the groan of fallen enemies.
I see them struggling to stand.
I want to feel sorry for them.
I am powerful and swift.

I pretend I am not the best.
I feel no pain.
I touch nothing as my foes begin to fall.
I worry about nothing.
I cry, never.
I am powerful and swift.

I understand that no one is as good as me.
I say why try?
I dream about the dreams people have about defeating me.
I try to be the best.
I hope someday, someone will surpass me.
I am powerful and swift.

I Am

I am athletic and determined
I wonder who will win
I hear the crowd cheering wildly
I see sweat on my teammates' face
I want to do my best
I am athletic and determined

I pretend I am not tired
I feel the anticipation
I touch the ball
I worry I won't make it
I cry when I could have done better
I am athletic and determined

I understand everyone loses
I say we can do it
I dream of championships
I try to help my team
I hope we will win
I am athletic and determined

-Kerri Golvinghorst

I Am

I am athletic and mellow
I wonder what tomorrow will bring
I hear the wind howling as I run down the field
I see the winning goal
I want to hear the roar of a crowd
I am athletic and mellow

I pretend I am walking down the beach
I feel the sun beaming down on my face
I touch the warm sand between my toes
I cry when the sun sets
I am athletic and mellow

I understand life is full of challenges
I say many things, just listen
I dream of playing professional soccer
I try my hardest
I hope to succeed
I am athletic and mellow

-Emily Fischer

I Am

I am strong-willed and relentless
I wonder why he is staring at the hole.
I hear the breath leave his body on impact.
I see the weight of defeat slowly overwhelm him.
I want to twist the knife and lick the blade, finishing him off.
I am strong-willed and relentless.

I pretend I did not purposely inflict pain, but
I feel no remorse for his injury
I touch my swollen, fractured hand in-between whistles
I worry I am not giving every ounce energy with every play
I cry when my best effort is not enough.
I am strong-willed and relentless.

I understand an aggressive mistake
I say, just get the job done.
I dream of the deep drums rumbling across town
I try to think of them as my body cries for mercy
I hope for a state championship
I am strong-willed and relentless

-John Kinney

I Am

I am faithful and strong.
I wonder what makes me me
I hear what people want from me.
I see the good side of me.
I want what is best for me.
I am faithful and strong.

I pretend I never care.
I feel love and happiness
I touch what has never been touched.
I worry about my future.
I cry over little things.
I am faithful and strong.

I understand that life can be hard
I say what people want to hear.
I dream big.
I hope for only the best.
I am faithful and strong.

-Ellen Jelinkske

I am your old friend
I wonder why it had to happen to you
I hear the unforgettable story of that night
I see blank faces, you don't know how he was
I want you to be able to have it back
I am your old friend

I pretend to be strong, but I am scared
I feel shocked, never thinking it would have happened to you
I touch my eyes as I wipe the tears away
I worry about you and how you are coping
I cry when I think about what happened to you
I am your old friend

I understand we aren't close like we used to be, but
I say I will always be there
I dream about you having another chance
I try to believe it, but I'm still in shock
I hope you're okay
I am your old friend

- Abby Kerling

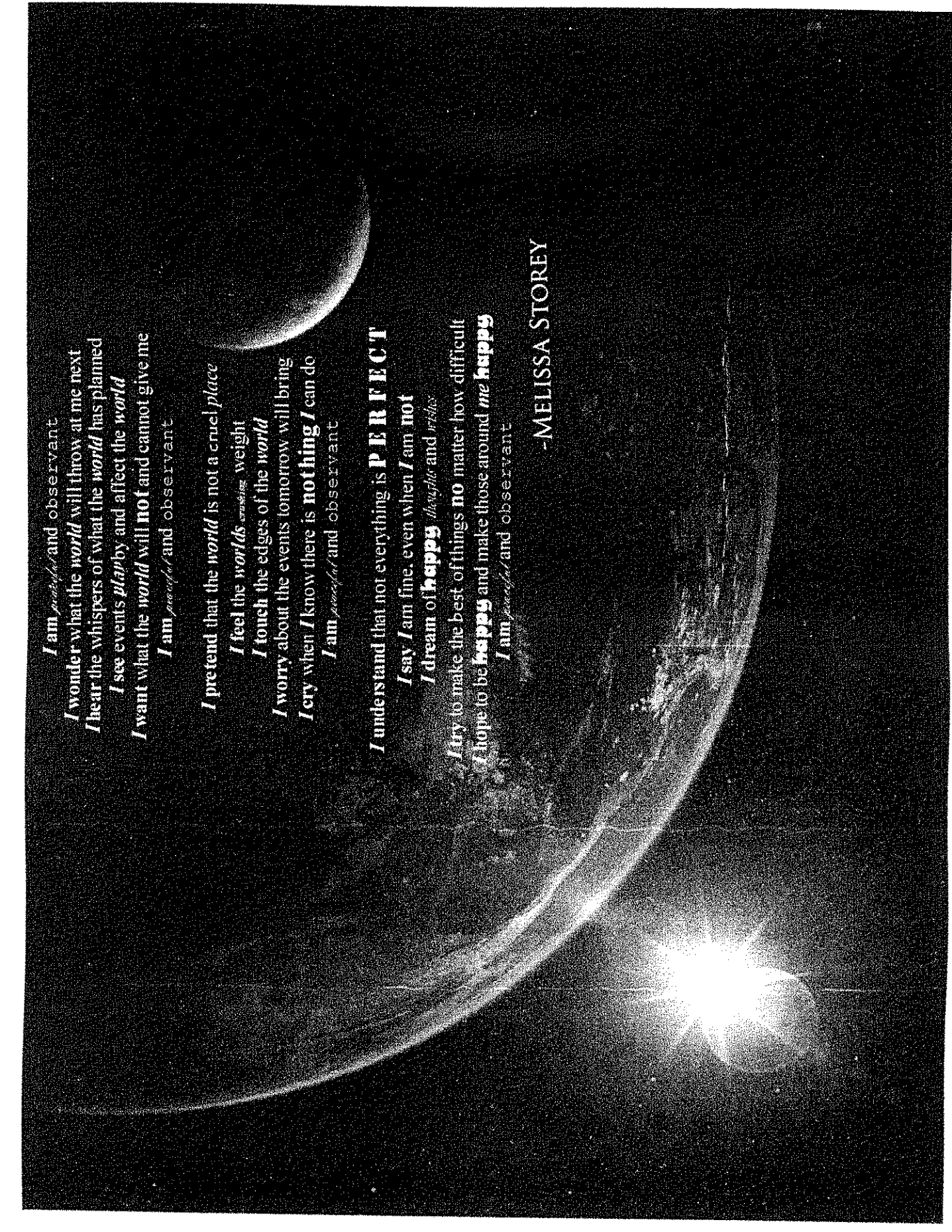
I Am

I am a farmer and a golfer
I wander where there is no land left
I hear the club strike the ball
I see the crows grow
I want the newest driver
I am a farmer and a golfer

I pretend to swing the club
I feel the corn flow through my hands
I touch the grip
I worry for rain
I cry when I miss the putt
I am a farmer and a golfer

I understand crop management
I say yes when I have a good shot
I dream of better yields
I try to be the best
I hope for the best
I am a farmer and a golfer

-Justin Messer



I am ~~grateful~~ and observant
*I wonder what the **world** will throw at me next*
*I hear the whispers of what the **world** has planned*
*I see events **play**by and affect the **world***
*I want what the **world** will **not** and cannot give me*
I am ~~grateful~~ and observant

*I pretend that the **world** is not a cruel place*
*I feel the **world's** ~~strange~~ weight*
*I touch the edges of the **world***
I worry about the events tomorrow will bring
*I cry when I know there is **nothing** I can do*
I am ~~grateful~~ and observant

*I understand that not everything is **PERFECT***
*I say I am fine, even when I am **not***
*I dream of **happy** ~~thoughts~~ and ~~rides~~*
*I try to make the best of things **no** matter how difficult*
*I hope to be **happy** and make those around **me happy***
I am ~~grateful~~ and observant

-MELISSA STOREY

I Am Hopeful and Devoted

I wonder what made life so beautiful

I hear the music when the wind blows through the trees

I see a world full of possibilities

I am Hopeful and Devoted

I pretend that there are no pressures in life

I feel love towards my friends and family

I touch nature because it is blissful

I worry about everyone in my life

I cry when stress becomes too much

I am Hopeful and Devoted

I understand more than people think

I say "I can do that!"

I dream of watching the sunrise with that special someone

I try to excel in what I do

I hope to be someone others can count on

I am Hopeful and Devoted

Emily Kotwey

I am

I am a Hawkeye, and I always will be

I wonder how following this team has become a passion of mine

I hear the roar of the 70,585 Hawkeye faithful

I see the grandstands of Kinnick Stadium, coated with black and gold

I want to see the day when all Hawkeyes can declare themselves National Champions

I am a Hawkeye, and I always will be

I pretend that I am on the team, sharing the success of the coaches and players

I feel the glory of a win, and the pain of a loss

I touch the overpriced, yet delicious Jumbo Dog from the concession stand

I worry about the threat of the opposing team

I cry when the bitter chill of defeat comes over me

I am a Hawkeye, and I always will be

I understand that football is merely a game, and isn't a matter of life or death

I say that it is sport meant to be enjoyed by athletes and fans

I dream of the perfect season, where Iowa cannot help but win every game with ease

I try to imagine my life without Hawkeye football, thinking of how empty it would be

I hope to see the Hawkeyes continue to succeed for many years to come

I am a Hawkeye, and I always will be

Drew Wilson

I am.

I am a small child in the hands of God.

I wonder where my heart came from and why the sky is blue.

I hear the tree's soliloquy.

I see its mouth move, too.

I want to grasp the world in my palms, do you?

I am a small child in the hands of God.

I pretend to smile and be okay when the time seems right.

I feel alone and on my own.

I touch the wall's rough stone.

I worry about an everlasting night.

I cry with God, feel his love, and then my load turns light.

I am a small child in the hands of God.

I understand my life has purpose and that He will see me through.

I say I trust Him everyday.

I dream that through the pain, there is a way.

I try to separate from what is untrue.

I hope to grow kind and have a caring world view.

I am a small child in the hands of God.

Cierra Klatt [2010]



MATT KONRADY

Invasion of the Mongols

Bloodlust battle cry,
Our swords we raise,
We dance together to die,
Like a steel plague.

Khan stands before us,
His rally is to death or enslave
The destruction we bring
Will put even sorrow to shame

They hear our silent roar.
Dead eyes see we have won.
Metal meets flesh and boars
Deep, from your false gods to the sun.

We walk upon skulls,
Their corpses in the dirt,
We are their kings,
And they are our bridge upon the earth.

-Bo Gillette



Amanda Blanche

I have discovered that it is wise not to despise things
 Considered small in ordinary eyes,
Once all is understood, I see moments once
 Insignificant as cherished.
I search for my destiny, which I can only hope
 To successfully pursue.

Come whisper, come murmur your heart's desires

A light appears in my path, and I wonder
 Do you see it too?

Your lovely eyes light up my path,
 Life's difficulties hold us close
My love, exchanged for yours
Reaching up to the peaks of heaven
 And back once more.
My heaven lies in your eyes
The most heavenly of gazes
Love sings sweetly in the summer breeze.

Two stars surrounded by lights
 Blossom beneath our view
But, far above the clouds
The stars dissolve into the mist

A lovely moon calms the earth below
 What humors the moon
Which looks so carelessly from afar?
The soft calls of love watch dramatically as Love answers
 Heartbreak's knocking,
Is Heartbreak the heartbreaker's choice
 Or can they suffer too?

Come whisper, come murmur your heart's desires.

-Rachel Trainor

For Matthew; If Only

If only I'd been more than
The face of a gay college kid
If only they had seen more than
My sexuality
If only they had known more than
A hatred for those different than them
If only they had seen
That I was human too.
If only they had understood
Love, in all its forms
If only they hadn't made me
Into a martyr, some sort of Jesus
If only I had known
What they were going to do
If only I had
Not gotten into that truck
If only I had
Been born straight.

Maybe I would be alive.

-Darion Schaefer

We are the Demons

We, the Demons, are born from your pure Hate
We Hunt you forever
We shatter the purest of lives to shards
We smile, hoping for your Screams to Never end
Wanting to capture your souls, are We

your Dread of Nightmares in the Twilight,
yet you all sleep in this Dark Twilight
Drowning your souls, are Nightmares of Us
Our Shadows slowly Engulf you
Wanting to capture your souls, are We

Out of the brightness, a Shadow emerges
The Ravens are blocking the sunlight
joyous Lives become Disastrous
We enjoy the Doom you Suffer
Wanting to capture your souls, are We

We whisper of Darkness to you
We reside, among the Darkened souls
Run from your simple Lives to Our Chilled embrace
Those with a failing blaze, lose their Life to Us
Wanting to capture your souls, are We

your heavenly souls Collapse

Life's Journey

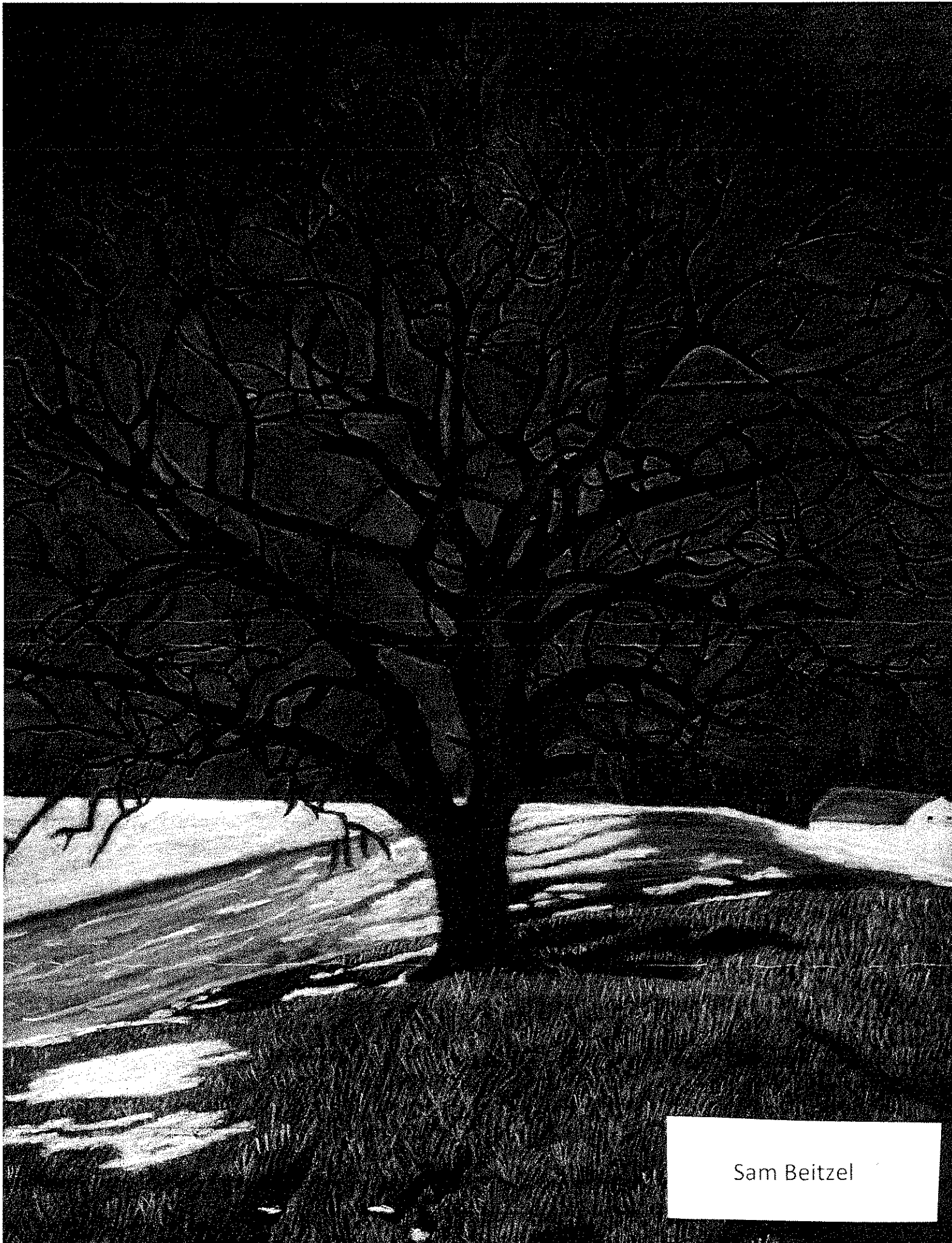
This sky rippling in the water below
Which path am I on?
Where do I go?
Pink edged clouds travel with the dawn

Amid a chaos of conifers
Which path am I on?
Where do I go?
I'm trapped in a maze

Tall trees tower above me
Which path am I on?
Where do I go?
I see the end before me

The sun rises into the morning sky
This path I am on
I know where to go
The light is all that is before me.

-Alaina Hill



Sam Beitzel

Night

When the warm twilight sets
We shall lay down to lasting rest
If rest can never linger, in dreams, hope can always come
Memories while dreaming, in the time of my past
Here I wonder where to look and what to look for
So I see spring coming to a dawn, with flowers coming to a bloom
Where I lived by organic strawberry fields, far from the ocean
And I woke during the night to meet his caring eyes, gazing into mine
He pondered out the window watching the stars flow by
We took a moment to gaze at the moon in the sky
Suddenly arising to the morning alarm
To see the sun come up behind the city
And this is the most beautiful morning I ever did see.

-Jessica Brown

Milkyway

I start to drown around sundown
Heavily drinking and relentlessly smoking
One real toke, and I'll be vacant
I'm a slave to nicotine and love
Longing for petty things, speaking of the end
Articulate the sober enigma of drunken thoughts
Fall down, and the floor cradles me
Pathetic and vulnerable
Sickening passion cries out
And disturbs us intimates who cannot ruminate
Together we would watch the city stand still
He can't forget, but I try to every night
He's the Marsh, dark, asphyxiated with life and weeds. He feels like home.
Stagger towards consciousness—but only more demons await
The addictions are lavish here
He returns when I need resuscitation

-Victoria McCarty

A Time for Rights

Meghan Miller

In the home is where they were supposed to spend their time
If men earned a quarter, then they earned a dime
With politics and voting, they were supposed to act like a mime
Boys were men and Women were girls in the prime

Under a man's lock and key, women were supposed to be
Possession of land went straight to their husbands, they had to agree
Education was for men, for women could never think to even get a degree
Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton formed together so women could be free

National Women Suffrage Association was what it was to be named
Voting Rights for women was going to be acclaimed
Women started new political duties, after Wyoming changed their laws, unashamed
The women knew this was going to be a change for good, so they proclaimed

Over 72 years, the women finally got to picket the White House for their rights
They knew when their privileges were going to be brought to new heights
House of Representatives and Senate pass the amendment, the states agreeing ignites
The many years had been worth all of the arguing and fights

Women were allowed to vote and with security to work
Nurses, secretaries, business women, even a clerk
With all of the teamwork and brainwork people spent all of their lifework
A time for glee for they gained everything dreamed in the nights, and gained a huge quirk.



Poem of Pearl Harbor
Aleasha Smeltzer

As you spot Japanese planes coming over Pearl Harbor
Explosions and flames striking the ships and planes
Screams and yelling of sailors as they see the attacks
Odor of oil and flesh burning.

Water littered with tons of people
Some wounded, dead and untouched bodies
Covered with remains of oil from ships
Dangerous scene while pulling them out skin flying like a bird off of them.

Black from head to toe except for the eyes seeing white
Sailors started to panic and jump into a small ship
Out of control and in shock from seeing
Sunken and destroyed ships and planes.

2,200 marines, sailors and soldiers killed
It was luck that Ed Johann survived
Going to bed early on Independence Day
He is reminded of the bombing of Pearl Harbor
As 68 years have passed until the reunion.

My Husband, Our Hero

By: Amanda Stout

Everything was different a year ago.
My life seemed so perfect.
I had won a Tony Award,
and had a beautiful little girl with my amazing husband.

Now my life is falling into pieces.
It all changed on that horrible September day.
Seeing the twin towers crash before my eyes,
I could not help but wonder if he was okay.

It began as a normal Tuesday morning,
My husband kissed me and my daughter goodbye,
patting my belly with our unborn child inside
he left for work at the north tower.

Like any other day I turned on the news,
expecting the same old thing.
I was in shock as they replayed planes crashing into the towers,
now fearing he may never return home again.

Sitting by the phone for hours feeling so alone,
I held onto my little girl.
As she asked me why I was so sad,
I told her not to worry.

Holding my newborn baby and my little girl's hand,
we went to ground zero and left flowers for our hero.



Clay Gilliam
4/7/10

Fabrication Absorbed

Controlling, his power grasps anything it sees
It holds what he has done, what he is, and what he will do.
Forbidden, hidden – within, a weakness.

The bond that links them, beautifully woven.
His eyes were heavy. His hair was colored.
Death, do you hear him sing?

Your lies won't change him. There is no like, only truth.
The cores of his eyes ache with ambition.
No use here. The exhaustion, continuing, wears.

The old flower grows sad, abused and tampered.

The appendages are falling like pages of time.
The man's mind, travels forever;
Life a mystery, eternity a language, earth burned.
Slowly the dark forms around me dim.

The life once hidden, manifests.
The calm ecstasy, boundless.

Listening to my breath, operation diminishes.

The animal wakes, the sun exfoliates, the plant withers.

I shall fall if I inquire joy.
Now the hills are faint, I succumb.

Disposition ensues, ruins remain;

His perspective an absolute fabrication
Of everything
He once knew.

-Steven Trent

The Children of Sorrow

Leaving the supermarket burning so bright, for the store was full of people
As all things for sale turn to ash, they drive in the stolen vehicle
As they wonder thieving the supermarkets, her children should keep to themselves
She disposes of the evidence as they do,
but they don't know their mother is dying.

Quietly in the night a woman is screaming at her children, "Good god, be quiet and let me think!"
"Interstate three miles ahead. Perfect," the children mutter. "Mom we can't hear you."
But they don't know their mother is dying.

Down in Florida they stay. They are staying at a Holiday Inn
The hotel room is dirty and unkempt, as she thinks of her own children
She sees she is sick,
But she doesn't know she's dying.

When they were young, they lost their mother.
The children wept a little,
For they are the children of Sorrow,
The children whose mother is dead.

— Tim Havenhill

Destruction

By Taylor Rhodes

The dirt is **poor** and
There is a sunless city

No one has a solid answer
Everybody is just walking in the **dark**

Cemeteries are being filled
Mothers, father, sons, daughters, grandparent, aunts, uncles

Everything is so distant
Cultures are being **torn** apart

To live is a fight
To love is *fear*

A *beautiful* country
Takes bullets every year

Surrounded by mountains, and **history**
Destruction is all we see

Reduced to **rubble**
Giving up is not an option

Believing in the best
We keep running back

Sweat Shop

The wind sings like a bird as the night slowly surpasses

The burning winter breeze

The unjust reason depicts who they are

They know our inner work, they know where we lurk

Seek the strength to pursue your goal

They attempt, but soon fail

No remorse or guilt

We sustain our frame

No sorrow, no complaints

By day, everything to lose

We progress while they sit motionless

The truth may lead to anguish and agony, but the truth is never wrong.

Warmth, welcome, wellness

This picture appears uncommon

-Thomas Cawiezell

ADHD

A disease, A disease. It's just a disease.
Ask a doctor, please. I swear it's just a disease.
And yet, I sit wondering if it really is a disease.
With failure to give close attention to details,
And failure to complete schoolwork.
Is it really just a disease?

A disorder, A disorder. It's just a disorder.
Ask a psychologist, please. I swear it's just a disorder.
And still, I sit pondering whether it really is a disorder.
With difficulty sustaining attention,
And not seeming to listen when spoken to.
Is it really just a disorder?

A handicap, A handicap It's just a handicap.
Ask a psychiatrist, please. I swear it's just a handicap.
And now, I sit questioning whether it really is a handicap.
With trouble organizing tasks and activities,
And avoiding tasks that require sustained mental effort.
Is it really just a handicap?

It's ADHD, It's ADHD. It's just ADHD.
Ask my parents, please. I swear it's just ADHD
And to this day, I sit thinking about how it's ADHD.
With Ritalin, Concerta, Metadate, and Daytrana,
And Focalin, Adderall, Dexedrine, and Vyvanse.
Is it really just ADHD?

-Tim Havenhill



Sky, Beach, and Water

The morning sun rising in the east,
Shimmering across the ocean's quiet surface
Sun shines brightly leaving its shape
Over the silvery water and it shall exist
Images of the teal ocean fill minds
Of its cool depths and the sun's morning rays
The sand absorbs the sun heat
While beach creature awakes their slumber as humans do
Wiping the sand from their eyes
How the sun exposes and provokes one to go outside

A beach and its waterside are not desolate areas
Even in the early morning or the late night, it beckons all

Ocean, color of the sky, tranquil, but yet chaotic, waves crashing down on the
beach
Ocean currents swirling like designs in driftwood knots, puzzling any onlookers
Waves sing, rolling rhythmically calling one to its shallow beaches
The sky is near, drawing one near, to the water's pier

A beach and its waterside are not desolate areas
Even in the early morning or the late night, it beckons all

The Day has ended,
The sun has slipped under the horizon,
And the sand slowly cools
The tide setting in,
Beach chair packed away
The waves tumbling in
Sand squishes between one's toes
The moon creates a dark silhouette
The waves wash away the footprints

A beach and its waterside are not desolate areas
Even in the early morning or the late night, it beckons all

-Emily Fischer

Touch.

Words can only describe the explainable. Touch explains the rest. When angry, it portrays the way stress and anxiety can take over a person and turn them into someone they never meant to become. The entanglement of fingers examines the deeper meanings of love—the desire to be a part of someone else. Wanting to be heard may be expressed in a tap on the shoulder, a nudge, or a violent cling to the legs. And the lack of touch proves the lasting effects of pain. Is it disturbing when words, something viewed as un-adhesive, can disrupt the way someone communicates? Touch is what shows humans that other humans are, in fact, humane. Touch builds the foundation for relationships: The mother's first seize of her child, a kiss goodnight from someone you love, a handshake to congratulate a job well done. Touch simply shows the unexplainable—how each of us in meaningful.

Faith.

Faith is desirable to everyone, yet its risks often appeal to be quite hefty. This is somewhat silly to believe though. Most do not realize the consistent use of faith around us. In the morning, when you are drowsy and delirious, the floor always holds your feet in place. During breakfast, your kitchen chair sustains you. Your car starts most of the time, your paycheck is successfully put into your back account, and every night begins with a morning. Life would loose any excitement it contains if we had to worry every time we breathed. Faith is a necessity. But, there tends to be a downfall in everything good. The perplexity stands above us while things we trusted, fail us. During these moments we swear to never trust again. When ordinary objects loose our faith, how can we be expected to trust something larger? For example, the axis the earth tilts on, the amount of oxygen in the air, or the God who created everything. Sometimes, there isn't any advertisement, ingredients list, or warranty to back us up. When this occurs, you have two options. One: be utterly un-content with your surroundings or Two: take the simple road. Have some faith.

Home.

What makes a house a home? To me, a home is being accepted. The realization that no matter what situation you are in, someone is there with open arms. To me, a home is a miniature community; each person is a vital piece. And to me, a home is love. But—homes are not always perfect. Sometimes, tempers flare and mistakes are made. Everyone has their quirks and everyone breaks. Yet, it's through these trials that a home is made. As with everything, there is an exception. A house is not a home when there are lies and not truths. A house is not a home when there is denial and not acceptance. And, a house is not a home when there is hatred and not love. A home is support and guidance. A house is only four walls.

Cierra Klatt. [2010]

He. Was. Dead.

He shielded to protect his life,
He was a bitter, pathetic man.

He was a waste of presence for years,
He doesn't see when all memories are gone.

With the sound of horror, he feels the darkness.
His weary old bones begin to tremble.

Why does the darkness fear him so much?
The truth is about to be told.

That in his life he is nothing,
He listens as the terror cries for him.

His forehead creased as his fear became worse,
He tried to rise above the darkness.

But his death is what he feared the most.

Soon enough he found himself with the dead,
He felt he was being suffocated like being underwater.

The Reaper was coming to him,
The fear was all he could feel as the demon approached him.

He heard the black angel make its scream of terror,
He soon enough realized one thing.

A chill of pain and then he was dead.

-Kasey Macumber

A Little Girl
By: Kailee Hildebrandt

A little life ripped away. No one left to hear her say, the sweetest thing I ever did hear.

A little life cut far too short. I find myself clinging to the most important parts. A faded face laces my heart. The blame, I feel, can only be given to those evil hands in a common place. But do I raise my eyes and blame the one who sent that man our way?

A little life stolen away. I've found somewhere to lay my blame. The controller of all good and bad has made me feel like a failed dad. So I return to that forsaken place, hoping to find his unfading grace. Unlike others, I feel no love, only hatred for the man above.

A little girl who died alone is who I want to bring home. My head is laid in this sad spot. My mind remembering what I'm not. God is there and Jesus too. I learn to love and live anew. But as my heart slowly mends, I can't help but to miss her again.

A little face I see again. She smiles as if God is her friend. I miss her hope and all she is. I am told she was not afraid, but rather very brave.

A little girl whom I miss. I'm asked if I would like to stay. As much as my heart, it craves, I know my home holds my name. My time I've spent with God, I know, is a rarity in its own. I find myself more grateful as I walk away.

A little girl who calls heaven home, knows I will be back someday. Until that time, I'll learn to love and to forgive.



JOSIE VAUGHN

Twisted Memories.

Midnight was on the verge of disintegrating; A reversal of roles.

They stand upon a pedestal: watching and judging.

You laughed enough to learn the trick and now they believe you are cheerful

Sleeping, deriving a new dream for life.

Sometimes dreams and hopes gathered there, but no one pursued them

And you rehearsed the devouring pain in thought---

The vibrato of voice, tears: a heart released.

They started to remember the memories, but they were twisted.

Life, with its natural arrival in this year's warm spring, is like a joy you cannot gather.

The spring's sweetness and the summer's warmth were welcoming to you.

The sun forced its way into your soul; it troubled you with its tremendous tell.

The question that always remains, when there is air, to breathe or not

And you viewed the blood of yesterday's ideas.

Cierra Klatt [2010]

Flight 93- One Last Message By: Jessica Little

8:42am. Departure from Newark International Airport.

CeeCee Lyles begins her daily routine as a flight attendant.

Just another ordinary, beautiful September day,

Unaware that forty minutes later terror and chaos would reign in the sky.

Back in Fort Myers, Lorne Lyles was sound asleep oblivious to the ringing phone.

All the while his answering machine recording the desperate message from his wife

Praying for herself, her family and everyone aboard,

Hoping with all her heart that she lives to see him again.

After many tries CeeCee finally gets a hold of her husband,

Telling him there's been a problem, the plane has been hijacked.

All around her people contact their loved ones saying their last goodbyes,

While others plan to storm the cockpit to gain control of the plane.

The last thing Lorne heard was his wife say, "They're doing it! They're doing it!"

The line went dead.

He stares at the television screen, not wanting to see...

BREAKING NEWS: United Flight 93 Crash, No Survivors.

A few months later Lorne sits in an empty house alone,

Incapable of understanding how he couldn't protect the one person he loved most.

Hours after the crash, he discovered CeeCee's message,

Unable to listen to it, for it's his last connection to her.

JFK Assassination from Assassin's Point of View

Adam Lemaitre

**To me, my motive is clear, but to others it's obscure
I sit six floors up higher than my target, who
knows not of the awaited danger or chaos.
Sitting there with a tight grip on my rifle,
Not even shaking or breathing out of file.**

**My target was moving slowly in a motorcade,
passing my nest and waving innocently to Texans.
Putting all my faith in four bullets for success,
I carry out my plan and wait to suppress fire
among the executives in hope to end this high wire.**

**Four bullets is all I got off before realizing
its my time to make a break for it. Bullet number one,
damaging my target through the upper back piercing his neck and
hitting an unaware body guard. Bullet number four, ending it all when
it impacted the back of his head, blasting skull everywhere**

**FBI was already on my trail after only a half hour.
Target was pronounced dead within that half hour.
I knew then, I have helped this country from yet another war. I was
finally captured within two hours or less, in attempt to escape I kill an
officer but fail as I collapse to the ground watching my own blood spill.**

Love

You gaze at me with admiration
Your eyes draw me in and
no matter what you always seem to be near me.
I know I will never be alone

Where the sinking sun casts an array of colors and shadows over the hills,
we walk together, hand in hand.
The feeling of your hand in mine and
the tenderness of your kiss on my cheek, delight me

I begin to feel uneasy, but you soothe my nerves with your gentle voice
Suddenly the wind begins to ruffle your golden hair.
You turn toward the approaching storm for a moment and
then we both run
Through the thickening air that brings the first drops of rain

I do not know what the future will bring;
I am uncertain,
But one thing I am certain of is I will never be alone--you will always be there
For me,
With me,
Beside me.

I feel something I have never experienced before:
What I feel is deep passion.

My heart belongs to you and you alone

I love you

Paige Ehrecke

A Day like Today

SEND! Homepage: your eyes have stared too long

The screen is up, you're procrastinating

Consumed by Twitter sites

Sitting, exploring

Keeping friends in one world

Face after Face, members of a Book

SEND! This chain or this page will burn thee

Bing! Bing! Photos have uploaded

Inside, like a jungle, chattering past dawn

At any time one who seeks will soon find

The youth may know little but can find all

Our knowledge is something we can now see

SEND! "Love" shoots through, you only met today

Endangerment here, regardless, you meet

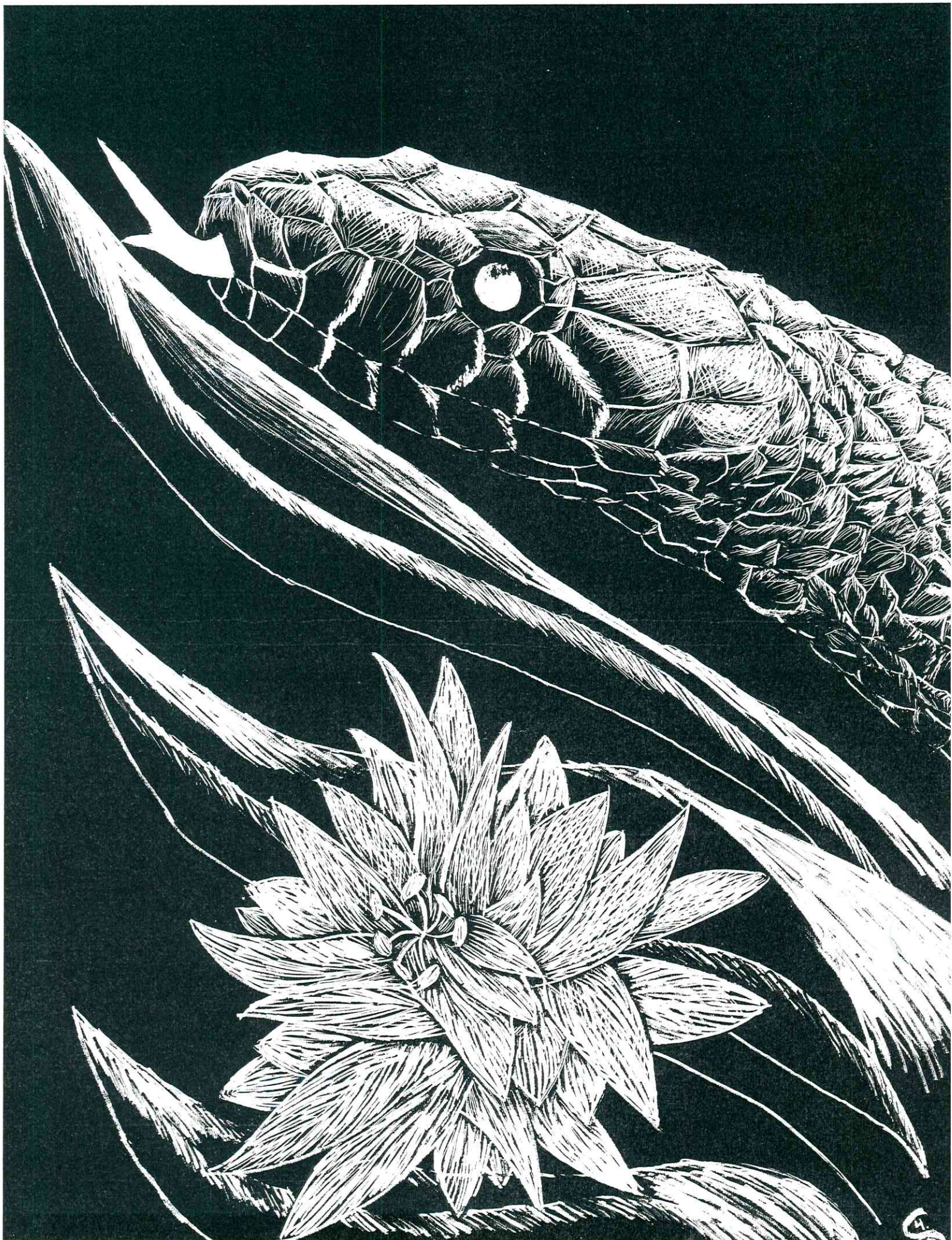
Youths cruel depths of thought seldom rest

He sees your life with a click and a scroll

Like a gentleman with smooth words

One man takes your life, just on a day like today.

-Lauren G.



Determination.

I was told to write about determination.

This will be easy, I thought..for I have witnessed it many times.

I saw Austin, in his element, killing himself day in and day out just to prove himself in
six minutes every Thursday.

I saw Nate, battered to the point of breakage, harnessing his hatred to destroy his competitors.

I saw every wrestler ever. Trying and dying and crying. Blood and sweat and tears shed from their
souls.

But I could write nothing.

I saw Brian going through basic, trying the hardest he ever had at anything.

I saw Ryan, gaining enough knowledge to earn acceptance and allowance to fly those planes that
protect us.

I saw Dan's brother, giving his very life to better our country.

But still, I could write nothing.

I saw Justin, building a church from nothing-seven to three hundred in five short years.

I saw James, kicked out at fifteen, fabricating a future for himself.

I saw my own father, re-creating life and love out of a broken home.

But still, I could write nothing.

Determination is a word I know nothing of.

I have been handed everything, worked for nothing.

I am as undisciplined as an unbroken horse.

This..is why I can write nothing.

Until I have striven, beaten myself down to create, connect..

Anything I write on determination will be empty.

Until then, I can write nothing.

-Caitlyn Nass

The Spark to Sing Low
(By Turbo)

Pounding lights,
Driving rhythms,
The constant beat of drums.
Soaring solos reach the ears.

Bix's attention grabbing notes;
Encourage the tapping of ties.
Warm cornet tones;
Sing low to the ground.

The newest sound in speakeasies.
The fullest sounds that make you queasy.
Still sings low to the ground.

Gasping for air,
You grab y our chest.
And still he plays;
This ride ain't over yet.

Still singing lower musical genius explodes.
Rapid like wild fire,
Slow to consume,
Fast to proclaim his arrival;
Inevitable to claim him.

But that spark of genius,
That charging flame,
Was soon put out.
Sending his singing lower still.

Although he lives, his life is through,
The sparks he made created impending doom.
When the sparks flew they hit people like me and you.
Still singing low to the ground.

William Merritt



THE FAMILY BUSINESS

See nothing, hear nothing, know nothing.

The full Italian,

Earning his place in the Mafia.

Say the oath, say the promise, give the blood.

Once a member, always a member.

Money is taken with extortion,

Given to the one they call boss.

Threatening people till all is lost.

Getting money is what they want the most.

People do what they say

Or it's all over with a bang.

Soldiers do the dirty work where

Murder is a small price to pay.

Boss, underboss, capo,

All ranks of the Mafia known,

They see nothing, hear nothing, and know nothing.

Kayla Thorndike

Concrete Memories
(By Turbo)

Footsteps across the ground
Thoughts fade and pleasant memories rush
Love, life and this concrete before me

Who knew a run down warehouse could bring me back
Back to a time when that was that
When friendships were made and memories would last
But the time it did pass

With that time came a new
New life, new love, new and different views
A view that led those thoughts to flee
But only for a time to be

For when these feet touch the ground
Those memories once again were found
The love, the life—it all renewed
A thought it came and changed my view

Smiling as those thoughts did swell
Deeper than a water well
The breathing breeze put my mind at ease

Back to reality I did come
I guess my time was just done
Pulling the jacket close to me I see the reason I became me
For the love, the life of an old you
Makes the memories that grew and grew

Concrete lasts
Buildings fade
But these memories are here to stay

For the love, the life again renewed
These concrete memories forever stay true.



Conzetta Cignoni

The Shore

A dim light fades into morning dew above the horizon.
First wave of morning, then the sea retreats back to calm.
The water sways to relic a mother rocking her child.
First visitors—the smooth sand now ruined.
Waves rush in... while sunlight warms the sand.
Ocean mists the wooden pier near the beach.
The young child—collecting shells—in a pail.
White sand, crashing waves, and sun gleaming.
At the buoy, people don't lose their way.
The waves toss me around in the water.
At dusk the calm of the ocean is a comfort.
After the sunset the people whittle away as it darkens.

-Lauren Cota

Forever Fading Love

Walking through the leaves under the tree's umbrella
The wild flowers sweep your feet
Laying across a sliver of light
Embracing the moody fall weather
Here in my heart there is room for you
Clean breezes of twilight sigh

The darkness creeps in undeniably
Laying in the brisk darkness leaves rustle underneath
Yellow patches of stars gradually appear
Together before separation, a rising moon

Fading flames, reality speaks loudly
Time for us hasn't been a walk in the park
Our spark is now darkness
Flames die where your hands used to fit mine
-Kelsea Long



The Earthquake

The ground shock for thirty five seconds.

In this time a nation fell,
And shattered to the ground.

As the buildings crumbled so did their lives.

People remained in rubble for days.
Now, they are forever trapped.

There are few ways to escape.

Not only the town, but the hunger,
Thirst, injuries, death, and destruction.

In a black city with little light.

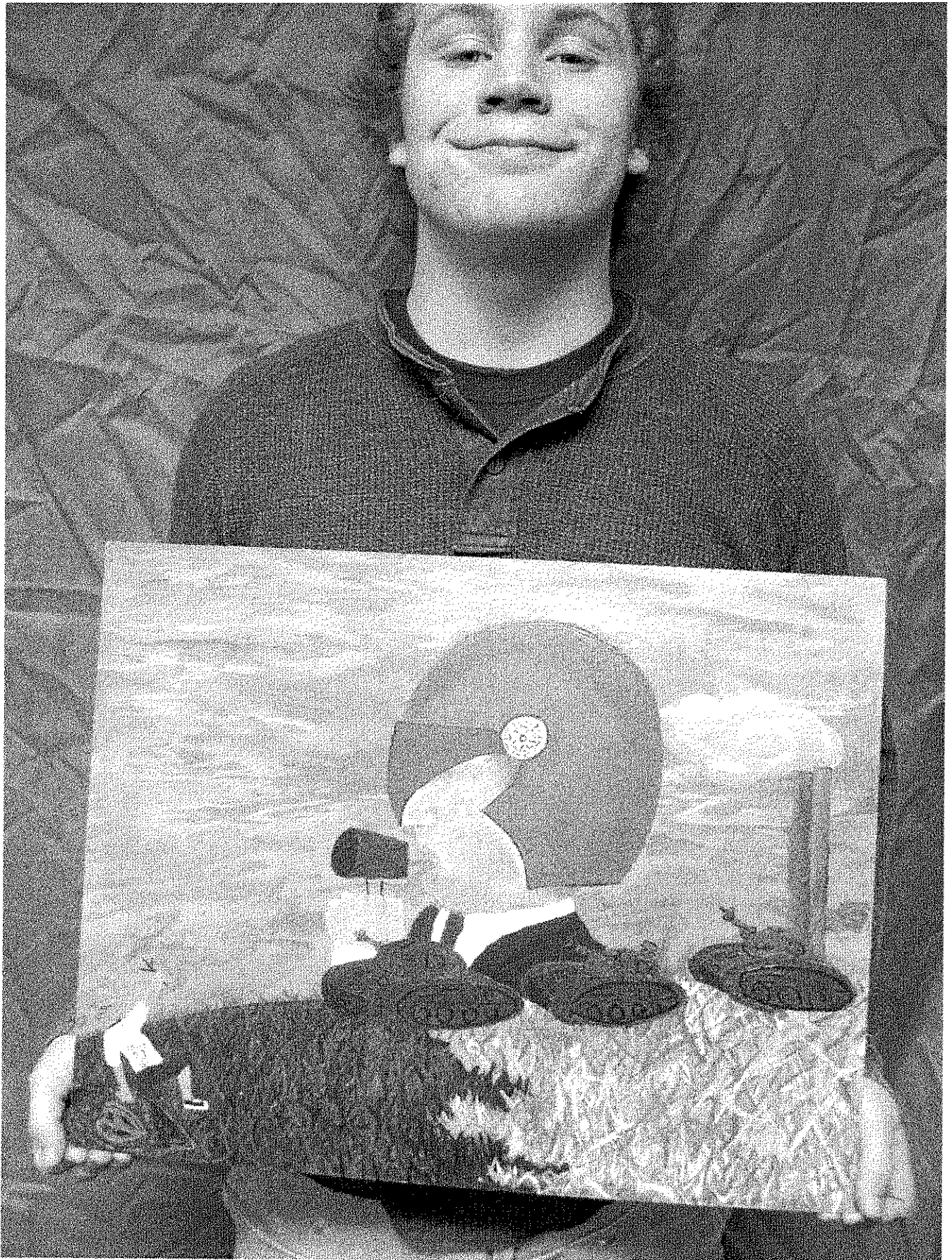
There is prayer, hope, and love.
For without this no one would survive.

With the world's eagle at its side,
The nation shall rise to its feet again.
To stand strong and live another day.

Courtney Stonskas



Austin Lindemin



"The Man" - Drew Grunder

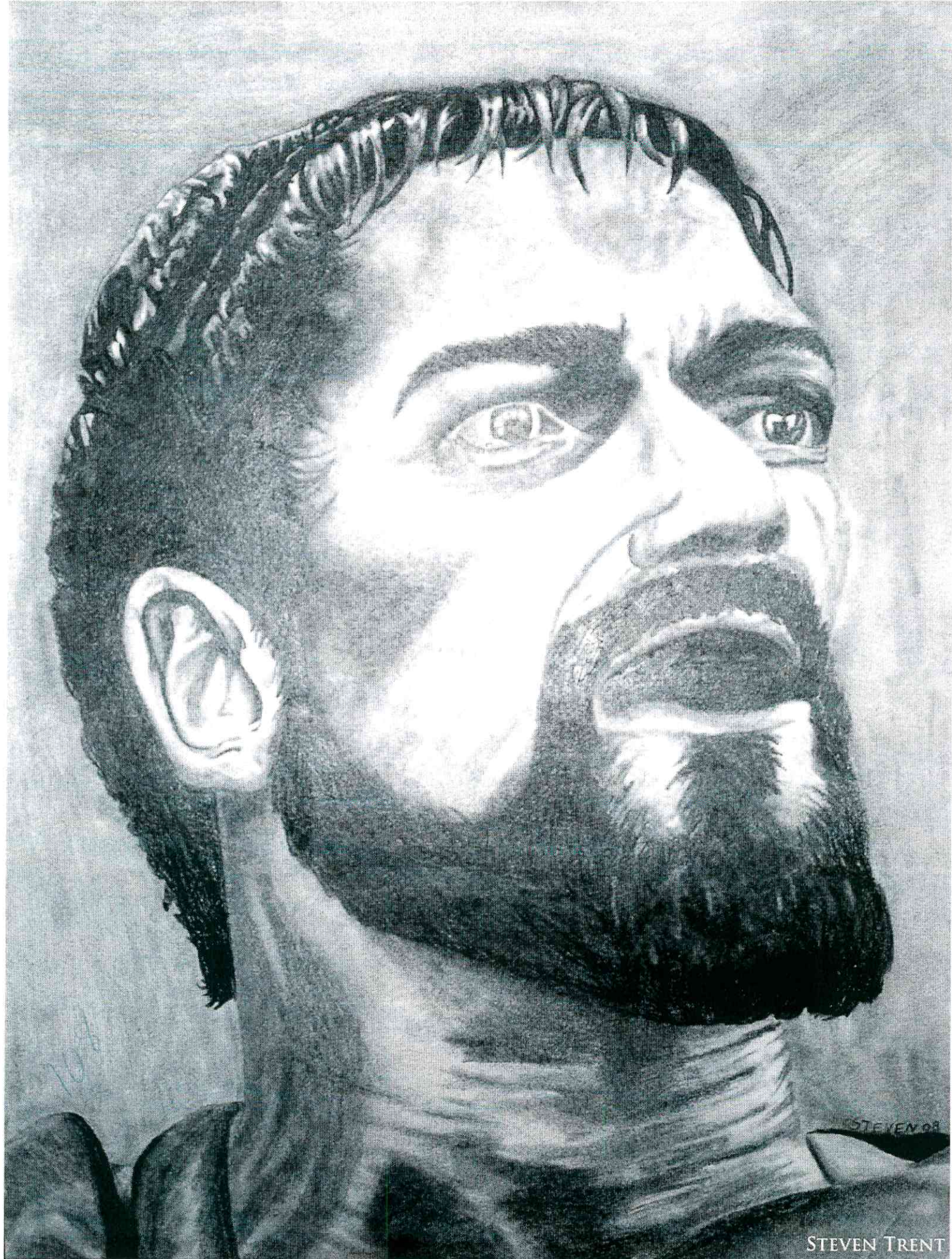




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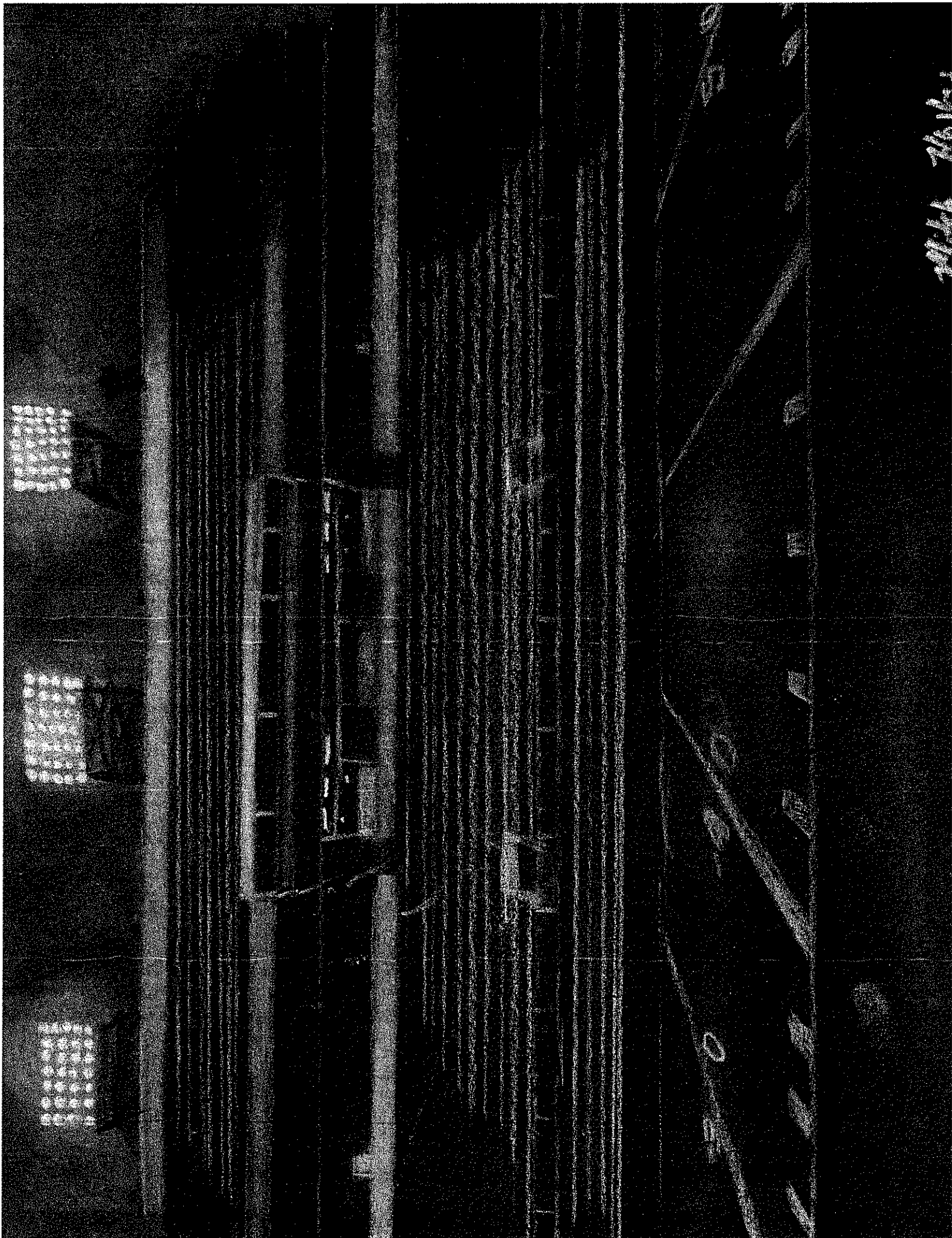


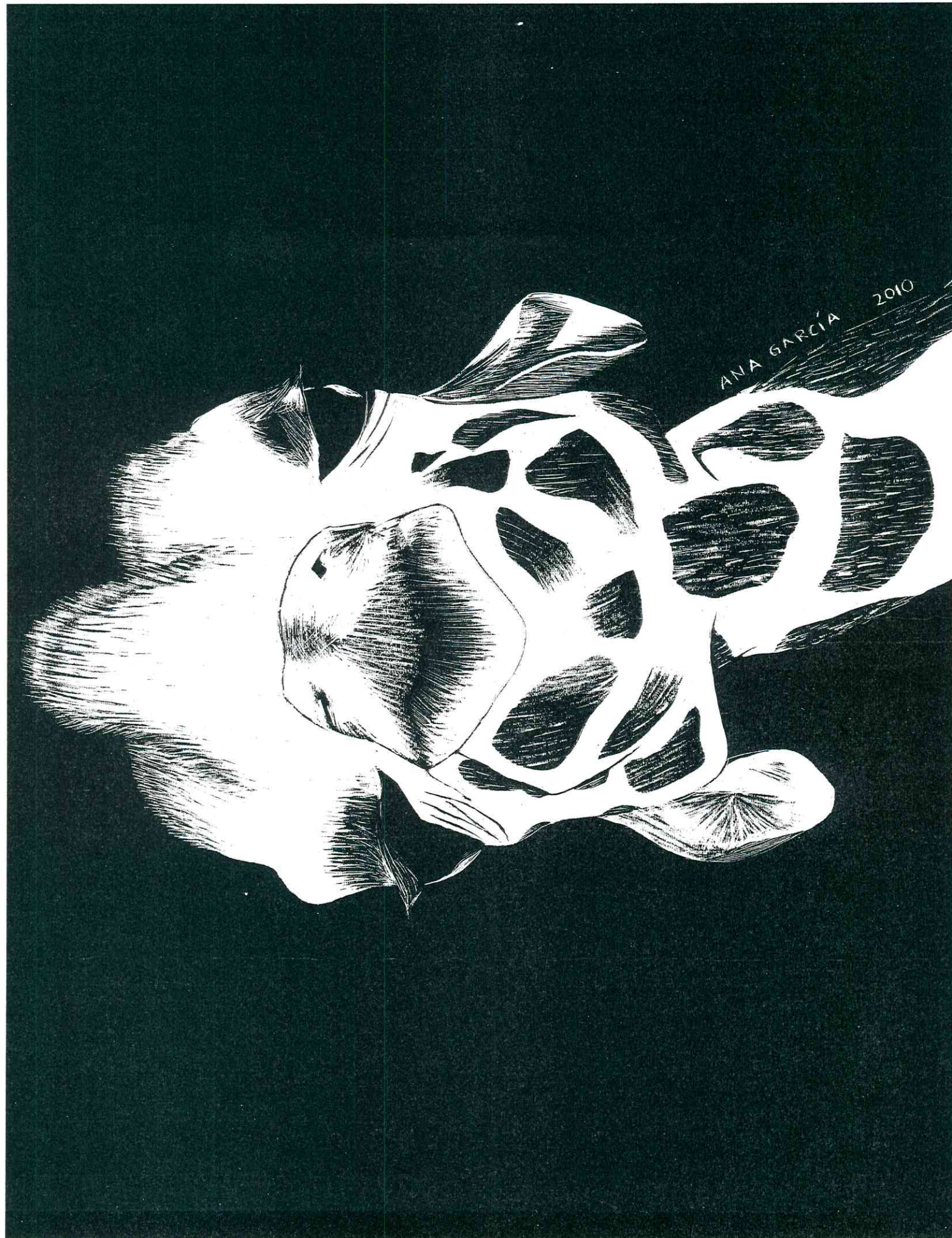


STEVEN TRENT









ANA GARCÍA 2010

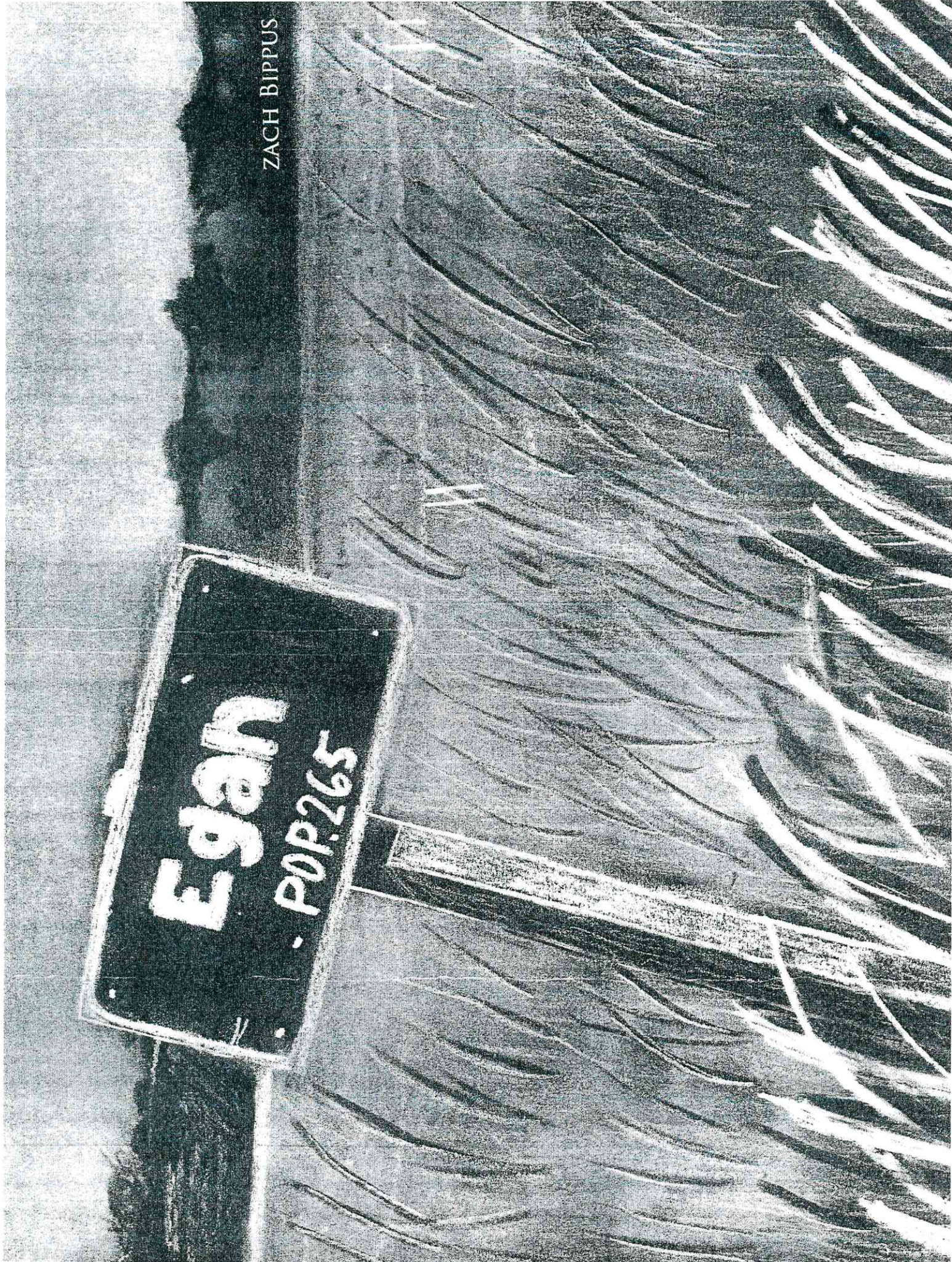


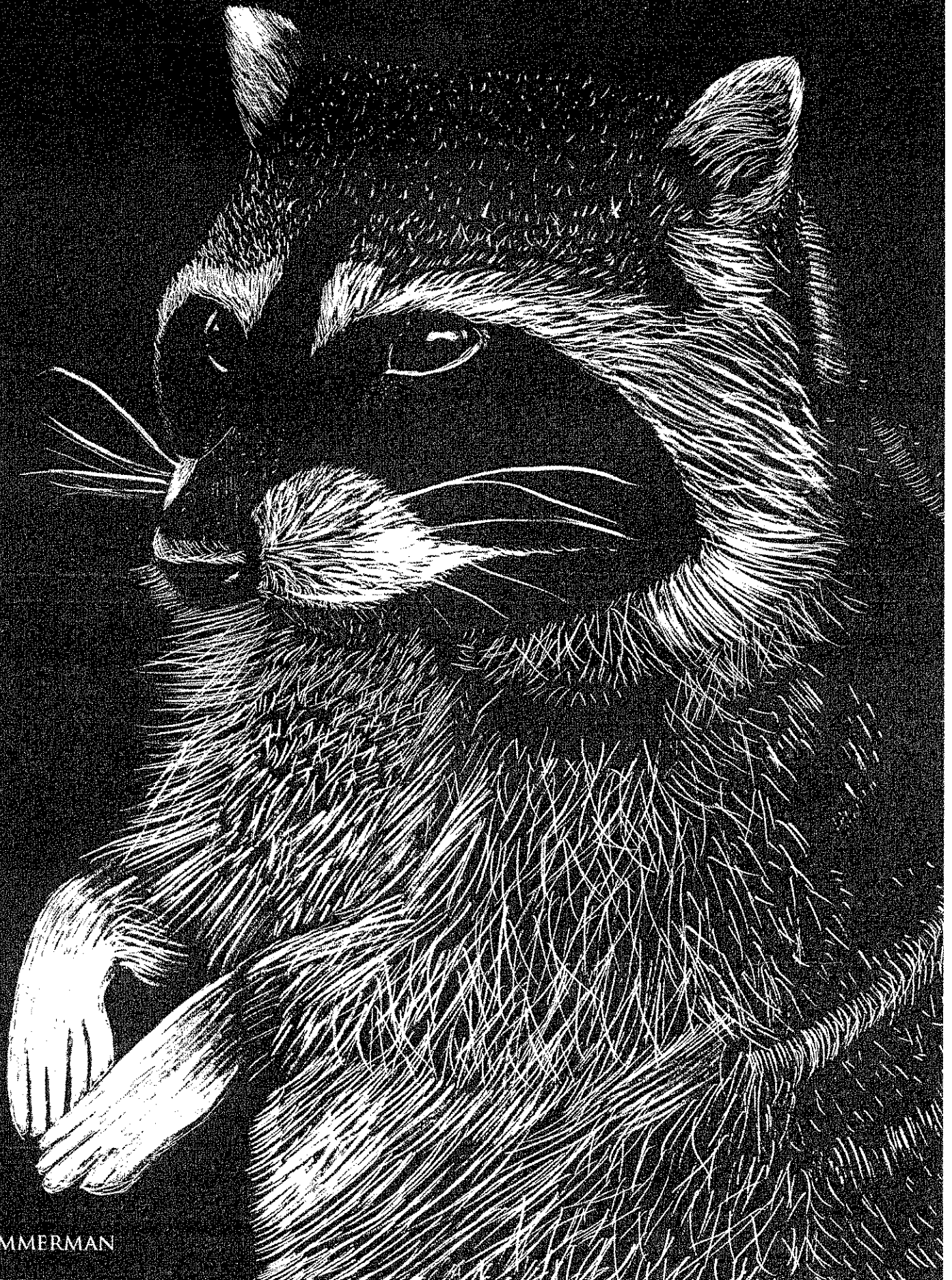
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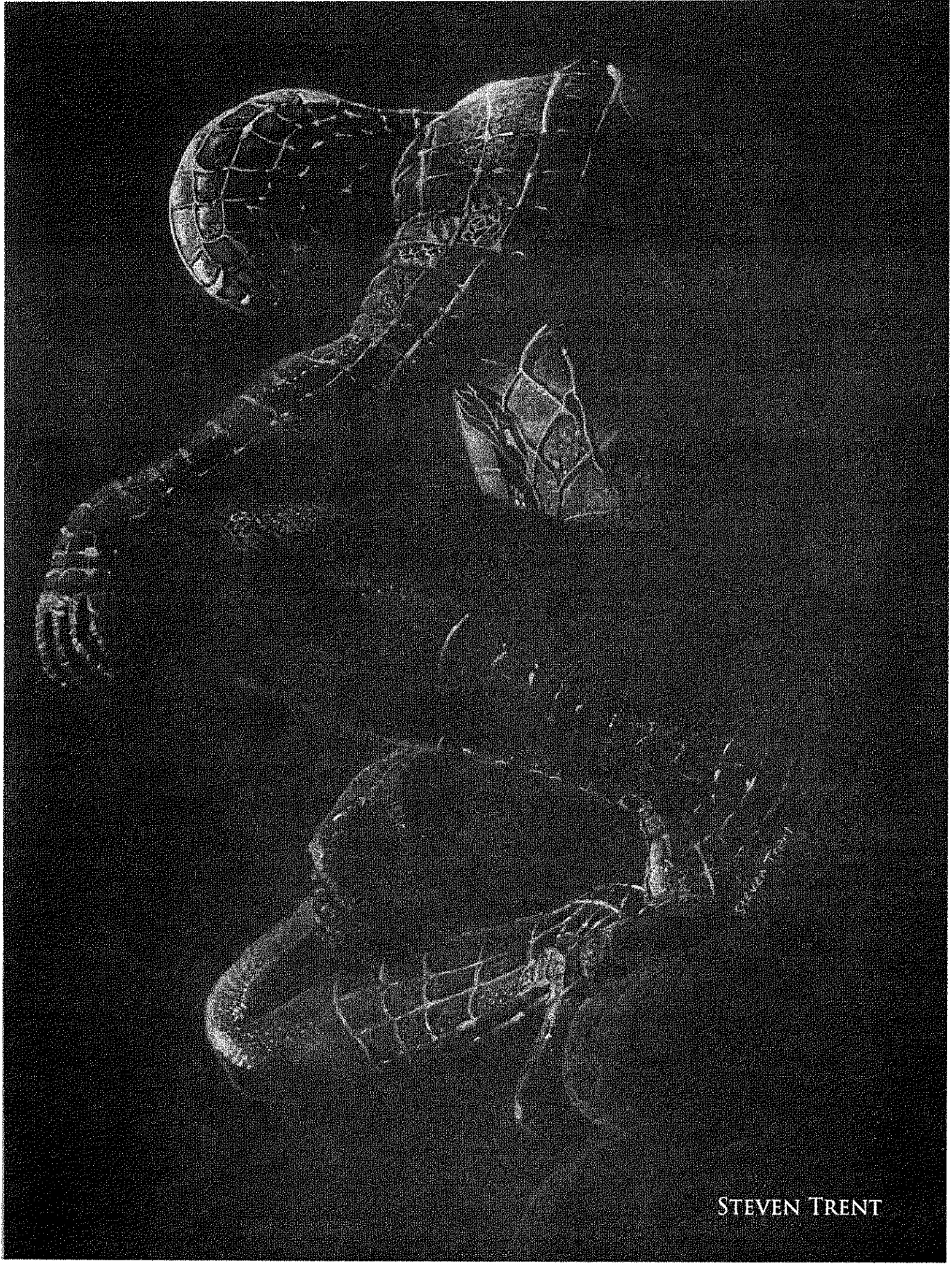
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KATY TIMMERMAN



STEVEN TRENT

Random Freetime

Do not immediately assume that leveling will be easy; learn to grind and do quests, not power-level; be social, otherwise it is hard to play a massive multi player online role-playing game, or MMORPG; don't be afraid to ask for help, there is always someone willing to help you: if you go around being mean to people that work for their levels then, you will find it hard to play: many games require help to work on quests, and if you are disliked, then you will find that you will have some issues with that; other games will require you to pay real money for special items: you should not waste money on games that you need to pay money for because they are rarely worth it: the best of the games will only offer extra, unneeded items that you can happily play without in their cash shop: at times the game companies will have offers that can be completed for free cash: the main items that are needed can often be bought from a NPC. non-player controlled, or dropped by various monsters: certain places will cause your graphics to lag due to the number of people occupying these areas: major trading or grinding places may lag or even games with low graphics can lag terribly: the main way to reduce lag is to go to a bird's-eye view and zoom in so there is not much in your screen: certain lags cannot be reduced though, such as the lag created by spammers; spammers can be found on almost any game and all they do is spam the same information over and over until a Game Master silences them; *how can you even tell if someone is a Game Master?*: usually before or after their characters name it has [GM]; Game Masters should always be respected because they have the ability to ban you from the game: *what should I do if I got banned?*; if you get banned but don't know why then send an email to the Game Masters or go to the forums and ask for help; some games will also have Game Sages, GS, which were selected by the Game Masters to help other players or even help host an event; *what if a Game Sage is not nice to anyone except the Game Masters?*; they interview the Game Sages before they are allowed to be one.

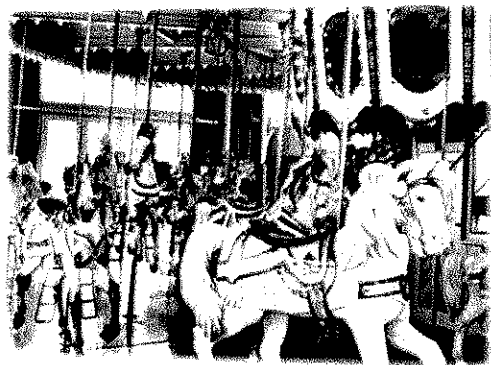
An Honorable Showman's Guide

Hold your head high and show pride in your cow; look confident and cheerful; always flash the judge a smile because they're the one who determines your fate; move slowly in front of the judge so he may thoroughly examine your cow; prevent your cow from becoming rowdy at all costs-- even though it may seem that you're trying to restrain a fighting bull; *but I don't want to become a bloody matador*; frequently show the cow that you appreciate them with a grateful scratch under the chin for they are ultimately the ones winning the prize; don't ever verbally abuse your cow in public-- it shows frustration and a lack of understanding for the respectful silence of the show ring; the quiet of the ring is not to be disturbed -- though it may seem to be peaceful, it is filled with intense concentration; focus at all times on the judge and don't let your awareness of the uncertain position you hold slip away, giving you reason to concentrate all the harder; come in with an air of knowing you'll win -- that extra boost of self-belief could secure your spot; return your opponents indignant stares with a look of aloofness and unconcern but secretly laugh to yourself in hopeful victory; show courteous sportsmanship to everyone involved in every aspect -- you will likely encounter them again in the interconnected circuit of shows; wear your cleanest white pants over a solid pair of shoes -- though it is accidental, a cow's weight pressed firmly on your foot creates an unbearable pain to a person wearing flip-flops; a pressed polo shirt with your farm's logo is appropriate to wear; *but what if I'm embarrassed to represent my herd when I lose?*; graciously accept defeat -- all eyes are on you; give the crowd a grateful smile when you finally reach that top spot because they'll remember that grin and save it for a memory; prevent yourself from crying no matter where you end up -- save that for later in the barns; never be late for a show -- they will start without you; consider it an honor every time you set foot in the ring because showing is a joy and exhilarates everyone involved.

By: Kara Maxwell

How to Mimic the Idiosyncrasies of the Fool

This is how you make time pass; this is how to watch the hands spin slowly and make believe they are whirling by; this is how to ride a carousel; this is how to smile; this is how you miss someone very far away but very close to you; Are you listening child?; *Yes, I'm still listening*; this is how to dream; this is how to know it won't come true; this is how to pluck a sarcastic remark out of someone's own words; this is how to laugh; this is how to hate; this is how to shut your mouth when you shouldn't (this is how to open it when everyone else wants it closed); this is how to read a story; this is how to eat an apple; this is how to be crazy; this is how to disappoint; this is how to tick people off; this is how you must be; this is what you must know you must become (which is entirely different than what you are now); Are you paying attention and listening well?; *Of course I am*; this is how to properly curse, insult and do a variety of vulgar things; this is how to stop when someone important comes; this is how to follow the well-beaten path; Do you want to follow it?; *Well...-*; this is how you move on before you have to think about anything; this is how to wish when you've made the time pass all the way to 11:11; this is how to wish on dandelions; this is how to pray serious things, instead of those silly things and occurrences; this is how to be a Class A hypocrite—do it well and you will never be forgotten; this is how you wish to be forgotten; this is how you hug; this is how you hold hands—don't let go unless you absolutely must; this is how to argue so it's all okay in the end; this is how to argue as if you're in the middle of a blood feud; this is how you must be, Don't you know that?; *I do now but-*; no "buts," it's not proper to argue that way, remember?; this is how you tease a man, this is how you tease a sibling; this is how you smile and yet remain bitter; this is how you sit when you're troubled, but this is the proper sitting habit you must develop; Are you still listening?; *Committing every word to memory*; this is how you write a story; this is how you despise time for passing too quickly; this is how you lie; this is how you give up; this is how you listen to the idiot telling you it'll be okay; this is how you believe him; this is how you prioritize "incorrectly;" this is how you start back up again; this is how to be clumsy; this is how to cook horribly; this is how to point at every single red balloon you see; this is how to wear a necklace that will always remind you of where you belong; this is how to march; this is how to play; this is how to sing a lullaby, and this is how to end it; Are you still listening...*child?*



You mustn't ever use bad language in the company of members of the church unless you wish them to think poorly of you; *I would never! I wouldn't want them to spray me with holy water!*; another thing to watch out for is your attire, nothing but Sunday best is worn in the house of the Lord needless to say unless you wish the whole congregation to think poorly of you as well; it is best to blend in with the congregation as sticking out can often lead to unwanted attention from others; when meeting new people you shake their hand and smile, otherwise it might seem as though you do not want to be there, and that would reflect badly on me; I of course go to church twice a week, once for classes and sacrament, the other for activities night; *You mean to say that there is church TWO nights a week?! Are you going to make me go?*; if you are invited to activities night but do not wish to go then it is as easy as politely declining, just make sure not to offend anybody; asking questions in church is perfectly acceptable, that is, unless you say them in an offensive tone or with the intention of upsetting the teachers; the teachers have a lot to prepare for each class, there are three hours to attend, first is sacrament which is where what you would call the 'sermon' is presented, second is split by age groups you would be in mine of course, and third is split by both age and gender; when we reach third hour we can either leave lest you feel uncomfortable or stay and you can make new friends; there are a lot of very nice people at my church, you have said that I have a 'holy' aura about me and I am just like everyone else at my church, you might possibly be surrounded by good people; these people donate and give, we have charities all the time and free car washes, service projects will make you feel great when you are finished, you would think they are fun; mind you it won't hurt to have fun today, this is not meant to torture you; you have had many questions that you have asked lately and I am glad to give you answers; *I have many questions and I only hope you have the resources to answer;* answers which are at my church, in my mind, heart, and soul.

Attending Church

By: Rachel Trainor

Bride on Her Big Day

Go take a shower; don't forget to shave your legs; put lotion on after, otherwise, they will be all dry; blow dry your hair, otherwise, it will be too wet; comb your hair out; make sure you use the right hair spray to make the ends not look so bad; curl your hair; curl it the other way; put it in a half up thing; put that sparkle silver barrette in; you need jewelry; without jewelry, you will look plain; put on these round earrings; put the matching necklace on; take the bracelet off that is too much; jewelry looks good; you need your nails to look good; French them; you messed up your thumb; take that off; they look perfect; your dress came in; looks good; choose white I like it better; hurry put it on; no wrong way; hurry lets go to the church; driver!!; get in; don't step on your dress; get in the car; driver go a little fast please; we have a wedding to go to; stop!!; hurry get out of the car; watch your dress; get in before anyone sees you; ok pictures wit the bridesmaids; smile; *do I look good?*; you look fabulous; *I don't know about this marriage thing*; well its too late now; he is perfect; here take the flowers; pink and hold flowers just what you wanted; walk slower; wait for the bridesmaids to get down; breath walk close by your dad; hurry your almost up; good job nice and slow; say "I do" don't forget if you don't you will look like a loser; don't forget about the kiss at the end; good it is all over; more pictures; get together; everyone smile; take that again not everyone was looking; smile; one more time; smile; everyone looks good; thank god that's over; *thanks for planning the wedding*; that's my job hunny; have fun; be safe; stay out of trouble; drive slow; watch your dress; driver!!

Written by, Ellen Jelinske

Practice Advice talk

By: Margo Hodge

Start with arm stretches; warm ups are very important, if you don't warm up you could hurt yourself; injured team mates cannot play; we need you to play in order to win; we won't be able to win unless everyone has fast feet; you won't have fast feet if you don't run; when you run suicides make sure to touch the line; touching the lines teaches you to stay low; staying low lets allows you to have more reaction time, you need this reaction time when the hitter has a fast arm; when you hit make sure to jump high and swing your arm all the way through; don't walk through the spilt water or you might slip; if you slip you might have to go to the emergency room; if you go to the emergency room you might be there for hours; it takes hours of practice to make a state team; it takes even more time to make an Olympic team, the two kinds of Olympic volleyball are beach and court; Court volleyball is played on a gym floor with six players on each team; beach volleyball is played with two players in sand; in sand volleyball you don't have to use knee pads; volleyball players usually have knee problems in later life; you might also have a future shoulder problems; shoulder problems occur when players don't know how to properly swing; this is how you swing your arm to hit; this is the steps your should mimic before going to hit; this is how you block a hit like this; a good block goes straight down to the floor really close to the net; this is how you pass a ball that bounces off the net; this is how much space to keep for going into the net; good serves don't go into the net; this is how you serve; this is where you start when the other team serves; this is how you dig a really fast serve; remember the labaro is the player who usually digs the balls up; this is how you set a digged pass; this is how you hit in front row; this is how you hit in back row; don't hit with an already hurt arm; warming up saves players from most injuries that occur when their arms weren't ready.

Everything Softball

Wear all gear to make sure nobody gets hurt; if somebody gets hurt give them space to breath and relax; if I get hurt, I try not to cry; *I usually end up crying*; ending up on the bench, sitting out of the game isn't fun; when on the bench cheer loudly so the other players can hear; if loud enough, it is possible to go back on the field; being on the field is stressful in some situations; when I am on the field, I am usually pitching; being relaxed when pitching is important; if I pitch badly then the other team hits the ball; if they hit the ball far outfielders are put to work; when in the outfield being ready at any moment is crucial; if not ready the team may lose; if the team loses that can result in coaches being mad; when this happens practices are difficult; remember to bring water so for difficult practices dehydration is out of the picture; if someone gets dehydrated bad things happen and people end up in the hospital; then a trip to the hospital by teammates is necessary and then there are nine people in a hospital room; only nine players can be on the field at once; a softball fields are big and may cause a lot of running for one person; to run faster people must run on their toes; when running on heels of feet people are slow and get called out; there are only three outs in an inning; *I wish it was as easy as one two three*; getting outs can be difficult; innings can last a long time and the game gets boring; people leave when the game gets boring and there is nobody in the bleachers; bleachers are scary, make sure to grab the railings; if somebody falls the game gets more exciting; never get too excited about winning because there will always be a time to lose; don't blame umpires because of a loss this will make them call even more against the team; don't yell at umpires it will result in being ejected from the park; *I have never seen anyone get kicked out of the ballpark before*; when done with softball and out of the park take a shower; wearing sweat pants and a sweatshirt is the most comfortable after a game; wear a T- shirt and gym shorts for practice; practice makes perfect.

Kelsea Long

Softball Is More Than a Sport, It Is My Life

By: Stephanie Baldwin

Steph how do you pitch a softball? Well, first make sure you warm up your arm by throwing over hand or you will get hurt; if it is cold outside you should stretch before you start to pitch; make sure you stretch and warm- up your pitching arm before you start to pitch; throw some “walk- throughs” or “run throughs” to warm up your pitches; make sure you warm up all of your pitches; make sure you cup your wrist for the curve ball; push down for the drop ball; make the “foo- foo” motion for the change- up; when the fastball is thrown make sure you snap your wrist hard and follow through; drag hips hard for the fastball also; when you get on the mound make sure you have both feet intact with the rubber; push hard off of the rubber to utilize your power; drag your back foot hard to utilize your power too; there should be a line from your back foot that is leading to the catcher; you should throw all pitches at the knees of your catcher; if you are throwing the ball high you may have all your weight on your front foot; if you are throwing the ball low you may be leaning forward; you should have all of your weight on your back foot; when you throw a drop ball you can have some of your weight on your front foot; make sure when you throw the drop ball, that you push the ball down towards the ground; the drop ball is designed (if hit) to have the ball hit on the top forcing it to turn into a grounder; when you field a grounder make sure you stay down on the ball; do not pull your head when you go for a ground ball; when you throw the ball make sure you keep all of your weight on your back foot; make sure you snap hard to throw the ball to your target; always talk to your teammates about how many outs there are and where the runners are; you should also communicate with your catcher and coach to see how your pitches are coming out; if you are doing something wrong you should try to fix the pitching problem before the next inning; make sure you keep a positive attitude when you make a mistake; your true character will be tested when you make a mistake; it is all how you handle yourself when you make an error when you pitch; just like the high school softball motto: “attitude is everything”!

More than Just a Game

Put sunscreen on your face so you don't get burned from the sun; don't look directly at the sun or you won't be able to see the ball; catch the ball or it will hit you in the face; you need a face mask for your batting helmet; your batting helmet should be your team's colors; when playing a sport you should act like a teammate; teammates have each other's back; lay on your back when sliding into a base; touch the inside corner of each base as you are running; run all the way through first base; if you are stealing a base make sure you slide; do not dive head first into home plate if a catcher is there...you will not win; you are not going to win every game; you are not going to lose every game; you will never tie because you will go to international tiebreaker; a tie is something you should not wear to softball; wear shorts or pants; wear a t-shirt or a sweatshirt depending on the weather; your t-shirt should have your uniform number and team name on it; your number can be any two digit number you want; the number of runs you score is important because you want more than your opponent; you score a run by passing home plate; hit the ball before it reaches home plate; to hit the ball swing your bat; if you don't swing your bat at the three strikes you are allowed, you will be out; if the pitcher throws four balls you get to automatically take first base; if the pitcher throws three strikes without you hitting one fair, then you are out; each team is allowed three outs per inning; there are seven innings played in softball; the ball is not soft, so do not get hit by it; if you are hit by ball that is pitched, you get to take first base; there are three bases you have to touch before reaching home plate; you must touch first base, second base, and third base; there are nine positions on the field; catcher, pitcher, first basemen, second basemen, shortstop, third basemen, right fielder, left fielder, and center fielder; every position is important and needed to help win a game; to win a game you must play as a team; a team practices so they can improve physically and mentally; softball is a mental game; when you are up to bat do not think about anything else in the world besides hitting the ball; if you hit the ball run; if you don't hit the ball and strike out don't feel bad, just go back to your dugout; your dugout is where your team watches as each individual player bats; everyone gets a turn to bat; your batting order tells you when it is your turn to bat; your coach will decide the batting order based on each player's skills; do not disrespect your coach; do not talk back to your coach or show a bad attitude; if you don't understand something, make sure to ask your coach; your coach can decide whether you will play or not; give 100% effort at practice and always try your hardest; do not try and hit the ball as hard as you can; try to hit a line drive or a grounder; to field a grounder stay low; do not wait for the ball to come to you; charge the ball as aggressive as you can so you can get make the out; to make three outs you and your team is going to have to use teamwork; every team should have a team leader; a team leader takes charge on and off the field; a team leader not only makes themselves a better player, but the players around them better; the better the players are, the more they become your competition; the competition isn't always the other team; you are going to be better than players; you are going to be worse than players; it can be hard to get a starting position on the team; you will not play every game; *If people are better than me should I just stop trying and quit?*; do you want that starting position or not?; work for your position; positions will not just be handed out to you; positions can be determined by your attitude; have a confident attitude about yourself; know that you can beat anyone out there because you can do it; not everyone can play this game, but everyone can try; softball is more than just a game.

-Abby Kerling

Who are you?

Lift your heel from the ground and gracefully make your way outside; look to the sky—what do you see?; the storm clouds approach and you must hide; let your feet fall quickly; watch the lightning strike the harsh dry grass; do you feel your heart quicken?; think about the world around you; consider something larger than yourself; pull open the blinds and push out the windows; do you feel the wind touch your face?; stretch out your arms—to the world, the brokenhearted, the ones who need; *what if I am in need?*; then I am here;

"I have come so that they may have life and have it to the full";

view the creation around you—who molded it?; who made something from nothing?; who touched everything with their own hands?; there are so many ideas but only one truth:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life";

trace each line in your hand and feel your pulse; examine your face: the shape of your nose, the color of your eyes, the part of your lips; you were once nothing, but I formed you; I designed everything you see, everything you hear, and everything you taste; I created every molecule of this universe; Lift your heel from the ground and gracefully make your way outside; look to the sky—what do you see?; do you see what I made for you?; more importantly, do you know what I did for you?; listen to me and you will gain understanding; listen to me and feel loved, because I love you unconditionally; come to me and be healed; If you listen to me your life will have more meaning and you will be fulfilled; follow my words of wisdom and hear me call for you; *who are you?*;

I am God.

Cierra Klatt [2009]

Band

By Kerri Golinghorst

Always come to class on time prepared to play your instrument; be at least past the water fountains when the bell rings; do not leave your instrument at home, and if you do this is what will happen; sign up for lessons and do not forget them; *but how am I supposed to remember everything?*; this is how you play your music; these are the scales you must know; how will you ever learn to play without practice?; keep the locker room tidy; keep the new uniforms in good condition; this is how to correctly hang up your uniform or you will be sent back; *but I did hang it up properly, just how you showed*; always watch the conductor or you will be off beat; do not act like an immature child because you represent us; this is how you do an about face; this is how you backward march; you must play louder outside!; remember to bring your money for Florida; remember you cannot be failing any class to go to Florida; do not play while we are talking, for it will never result in good; if you desire to dress that way, do not complain that your cold--we warned you; do not throw paper across the room; do not throw people across the room; this is how to know whether we will march outside, so do not ask; do not rush inside the door for everyone will end up in the same place; let the drum line through first; drum line, do you know your parts?; take it seriously or you will not fill your potential; know when to put your horns up, and then remember to put them back down; memorize the fight song, it is something you should know!; stay inside the bleachers; do not eat with your uniforms on; this is what you may drink--water!; pay attention to the game; no you may not leave to go chat with friends; listen to blend with each other; play with pride; *but what if I get made fun of?*; you mean after all your hard work you are going to be ashamed of what you do?

“While We’re Gone”

While we’re gone, be sure to keep your quarters tidy; make sure your bed is made; tuck the sheets into the bed in a correct manner to prevent wrinkles; iron out all of the wrinkles on your clothes before you wear them; you wouldn’t wear a wrinkled shirt to a job interview, now would you?; Routinely bring your clothes into the laundry room so they can be washed; wash all of these clothes in cold water; wash yourself in cold water, unless you want to take up all of the warm water in the house; *why can’t I just take a quick shower with warm water?*; The warm water in this house does not need to be wasted when we have plenty of cold water; when you return to the house, try to give each dog a bath; take the dogs out every couple of hours; how would you like to hold it for an extended amount of time?; After everyday, pick up what the dogs have left behind in the yard; the neighbors don’t need anything more to judge us with; at least one time this week, surprise the neighbors by mowing their lawn; that will keep them quiet for a while; mow our own lawn every other day; how would your boss react to a jungle in the front yard of his workers?; Give every one of your elders the highest respect; leave an apple on the desk of your teacher everyday; do not let them see you do it; nobody likes a show-off; say your prayers at night with the door closed so nobody can see you; go to mass every Saturday night; wake up Sunday morning to finish all of the weeks’ chores; go to bed at nine-thirty every night; get plenty of rest so you can welcome the new day at school; be sure to arrive at school at seven-twenty; *but school doesn’t start for another hour after that*; you can forget about getting a good job if you arrive any later than that; be sure to finish all of your homework well before it is due; take as much time as you need to receive high marks on your assignments; when we come back, we want to see nothing but high marks on your report card; report to us every night to tell us how your day has gone; call us in the morning before you return to school; when we return home, the house must be spotless; be sure to go through all of your chores when we have returned; *what if I don’t have time to get all of this done on time?*; you have your entire life to become a failure; you don’t think that you can make time to take out the trash?

Drew Wilson Hon. English II B2

Crazy Dog by Stephen Owings

Go get the ball Toby, go get the ball, that's it, now bring it back, good boy, no don't run away, bring it here, come here, good boy, give me the ball, drop it, drop it; wow, you're shedding a lot, how can one dog have so much hair, ew, don't slobber all over my leg, or my shoe, silly dog; I really need to clean the mud off these shoes; why don't you lick them off for me, you eat enough dirt already, what's a little more; I really need to clean the dirt off of that sidewalk, it looks terrible; you smell terrible, time for a bath; *bath time, I love bath time!*; It's much too cold to have the hose out, what was I thinking?; that's such a wonderful song; no Toby, don't shake water all over me, it's not my bath time!; don't play tug-of-war with the towel, it will rip; I really shouldn't have worn these jeans with the ripped bottoms, they're getting soaked; I wonder if that stain will come out of my shirt, I hope I got the stain remover on it quick enough for it to soak in; come here Toby, come get dried off; not on my pants, crazy dog; now let's go back inside so you don't get all dirty right after your bath; why does it always rain right after you give a dog a bath or wash a car?; mom's car looks really dirty, it should probably get washed soon; I wonder where dad is, he's usually home by now; oh, he's getting a haircut; how can someone who is bald still need to get a haircut so often?; my hair is getting long; I can feel it touching my ears, I need a haircut; why do humans have hair, is it to keep their craniums warm or to offer some (although very little) protection?; and which came first: the chicken or the egg, obviously the egg: dinosaurs laid eggs way before they evolved into chickens, or where chickens created?; in which case the chicken would have come first; ah, my head hurts; time to stop thinking.

MY CAT EVIL

By: Thomas Cawiezell

Do not pee on the floor next to the liter box; I know that is what you do when I am not there; **who told you?**; do not try to eat my eyes when I am not awake; do not wake me up so you can go outside; don't beg to come in; do not bring me mice; whole ones; halves or guts; do not bite me when I do nothing; do not bite me when I pet you; do not jump on me when I am relaxing; don't do it when I am playing video games; do not attack other pets; do not attack the neighbors dog; do not think that you're the boss, even though you think you are; do not annoy me when I am doing my home work; and when I'm in bed don't expect to sleep at my feet; do not sleep all day and all night and expect us to do everything for you; do not cry when you do not get your canned food; do not sit at the door then when we open it run away; do not claw me in the head when I peer around the corner; your not a jungle cat do not act like one; do not try to jump into the ceiling, you won't make it; **I thought I could make it**; do not rip the Christmas lights down; like cat nip like a normal cat; do not attack my friends when they come over; do not scratch them with your claws; do not claw at my door when I'm in my room; do not try to eat my food when I am on the couch; do not beg when I have ice cream, because your not going to get it; you never are around; your always sleeping or killing mice that I have to pick up; isn't not like even having you until you want something; even though you are probably one of the worst cats in the world, you make my life entertaining.

Advice for a Cat: Taylor Engle

Make sure you use the litter box; make sure your butt is inside of the litter box or the litter box will not do anything; try to get all the litter off your feet before you get out of the litter box, so you do not get it all over the floor; do not pee on the top of the stairs because then it runs down all the stairs and makes people extremely angry; do not yowl at 5 in the morning or you will make everyone mad; when you want food, you will get it faster if you do not meow your head off; if you want to get into a room that is shut, don't pound on the door and yowl, because that will make people angry; if you get locked in a closet, don't pee on anything; if you can't get to a litter box in time, try to pee on tile floor as opposed to carpet because it is easier to clean up and won't cause mildew; if you puke, do it on the tile floor and not on the carpet because it won't make someone as mad as if you did it on the carpet; don't jump up on people and just lay there and suck up heat because then you will make them angry by cutting off circulation to their arms or legs; if you want to lay in the sun then do it on the floor of a bedroom and not in the front door because then someone will get angry when they need to shut the door; *but you guys never open the front door*; if you decide to sit on a chair under the table then make sure we see you before we sit down; don't jump up onto the table because you will knock things off and no one will want your hair in their food; don't sit in the sliding glass door track because some people won't stop it just because you are there; don't climb on the screen door because you will tear the screen and make people angry; when you are eating, don't eat other cat's food; when you are eating, don't push your food all the way across the floor; don't chew on the phone cords or you will get shocked; when someone is on the phone, don't yowl because that will just make other people mad; when you are asleep, don't yowl because you will most likely wake yourself up and everyone else in the house.

Advice to a cat owner from two cats

Why do you cats misbehave? Because we want to get your attention—it works doesn't it? we jump on the table because we know we shouldn't; your people water tastes better and it's more fun to drink out of a cup; people food, especially cheese, also tastes better, so you should give it to us more often; fresh green grass from the front yard is the tastiest treat; rolling outside on the concrete feels good on our backs, so let us out more; it feels really good when you humans rub our heads—we never want you to stop (if we do, we will bite you or just leave); it does not feel good, however, when you give us baths so don't bother!—it's not like we don't lick ourselves constantly; when we do need a bath, which is not often, don't take us to the groomer please!; no lousy haircuts—they embarrass us; it's embarrassing when you dangle bazaar objects in front of our faces; *Do you want to play?* No! we don't want to play—we will decide that on our own time; when we are in the mood to play, please play with us; fetch is so much fun and it's good for us; it's also good for us to cuddle—we need love you know; you should always offer up your lap, even if you are busy, when we need attention—if you don't we will be persistent; *I think she wants to share your skin with you. She just can't get close enough.* if we get in your face, it means we want something—usually love or food; when we want food we will let you know by “singing” to the magical cabinet where the food lives or misbehaving; when we are pestering you for food, feed us! food is our favorite thing of all time!; we like going to bed because we get more food; in the morning we want to come upstairs out of our bed so we “sing” more, though you call it whining; we are hungry again!; We were wondering why you humans say we have a food obsession?



Paige Ehrecke